



THE  
AMERICAN MUSEUM,  
OR, UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE,

For AUGUST, 1791.

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### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**ELEGY** on the death of an infant niece, by a young lady, has been unavoidably postponed. It shall appear in our next.

The case of a tetanus, by the late dr. Hohnhaum, is under consideration: as is likewise

The essay on creation. We advise the writer in future to use better ink, as a considerable part of his essay is hardly legible.

*Meteorological observations made at Philadelphia, in July, 1791.*

Days.	Barometer, English foot,		Thermom. Fahrenheit.		Anemometer. Prevailing wind.	Weather.
	In. $\frac{1}{12}$ $\frac{1}{16}$	In. $\frac{1}{12}$ $\frac{1}{16}$	D $\frac{1}{12}$	D $\frac{1}{16}$		
1	30 0 1	30 0 5	66 9	70 2	WNW.WSW	cloudy, rain,
2	30 2 5	30 3 4	59 9	76 3	NNW.NE	cloudy,
3	30 5 2	30 5 2	63 9	77 2	NE	cloudy,
4	30 5 6	30 5 1	61 2	77 7	NNE	fair,
5	30 4 8	30 3 9	67 9	77 9	NE	cloudy,
6	30 2 10	30 2 2	63 5	86 7	NE	cloudy, fair,
7	30 2 4	30 1 10	70 5	88 9	WSW	fair,
8	30 0 13	30 0 11	72 5	90 7	WSW	foggy, fair,
9	30 3 0	30 2 2	72 3	92 3	NE.SSW	fair,
10	30 2 0	30 1 8	73 6	95 4	SSW	fair, [night.
11	30 2 0	30 1 12	72 9	95 7	SW	fair, [thun. in
12	30 2 11	30 2 2	74 1	86 4	SW	fair, rain,
13	30 2 12	30 2 9	73 6	83 5	SW	fair,
14	30 3 1	30 2 9	74 7	95 2	SSW.SW	cloudy, fair,
15	30 2 5	30 1 5	74 5	94 1	SSW	cloudy, fair
16	30 0 1	29 10 12	75 4	88 2	WSW.SW	cloudy, rain,
17	30 0 3	30 0 7	68 4	91 2	W	cloudy, fair,
18	30 3 1	30 2 8	63 9	77 9	WNW	fair, cloudy,
19	30 2 8	30 2 1	63 5	79 9	WNW.NNE	cloudy,
20	30 0 10	30 0 11	63 5	82 6	NE.NW	cloudy, fair,
21	30 1 0	30 0 8	71 6	84 4	NNW	fair, (rain,
22	30 1 7	30 1 4	76 1	91 4	SW	foggy, cloudy,
23	30 2 5	30 2 3	72 5	86 9	WNW.WSW	fair,
24	30 1 3	30 0 6	74 1	90 5	WSW.SW	fair, thun. rain,
25	30 1 14	30 0 0	68 2	84 0	NW.WNW	fair, cloudy,
26	30 0 7	30 0 0	63 3	88 9	NW.WNW	cloudy,
27	30 0 9	30 0 8	65 7	86 2	NNE.NE	cloudy, rain,
28	30 2 6	30 2 9	65 3	89 8	NE	cloudy,
29	30 3 10	30 3 0	68 0	88 7	SE	cloudy, fair,
30	30 1 6	30 1 0	73 4	82 2	NE	cloudy,
31	30 0 0	29 11 12	73 4	90 3	SW.W	rain, fair,

RESULT.	Barometer.		Thermometer.		Wind and weather
	4th gr. deg. elev.	30 5 6	11th greatest deg. heat	95 7	
	16th least elevat.	29 10 12	2d least deg. of do.	59 9	
	Variation,	0 6 10	Variation,	35 8	
	Mean elevation,	30 1 8 $\frac{1}{2}$	Mean deg. heat,	77 7	cloudy, fair, variable.

*Observations on the weather and diseases, for the month of July, 1791.*

THE dry and warm weather did not in the least decrease during this month: on the contrary, a gradual rising of the thermometer, may be noticed in the afternoon observation, from the beginning of the month, until the eleventh, when it was at its summit; and, except the first day, continual dry weather prevailed. There were but seven days, on which any rain fell in the whole of July; and the remainder were frequently foggy. The barometer was, in general, high throughout the month, there being only two days, in which the mercury fell below 30, viz. on the 16th and 31st: and the former and least of these elevations, was, 3. 11, higher than the lowest elevation in June. There were no storms, or heavy thunder and lightning in this city; though to the eastward, accounts mention the occurrence of several in the course of the month.

The greatest part of the acute complaints, met with, in practice, and not depending on a specific contagion for their production, could be readily traced

to the influence of the weather, on the body. Cholera, and other affections of the bowels, arising from relaxation, were numerous. With children, they were particularly severe: dysenteries were very common; and, for the most part, a considerable degree of fever often continued, or of the intermittent type accompanied them. Indeed, in the greatest number of cases, it appeared to be the original disease. The pertussis, or whooping cough, also continued to spread chiefly among children, and was very violent in many instances, especially where it attacked a constitution either originally weak, or that had been debilitated by the continuance of previous disease. A long continued and severe fit frequently ended in vomiting, with great relief; and an epistaxis, or bleeding from the nose, and a suffusion of red blood, in the colourless vessels of the eye, occurred as a consequence of the violent straining to cough.

The effects of medicine were very considerable in abating its violence, and shortening the duration of the disease. Occasional emetics were found useful in relieving the breast, and promoting a free expectoration, as well as by their debilitating action in reducing the general inflammatory diathesis, which was, in some cases, so great in the beginning, as to make bleeding necessary. Where the continuance of the disease induced a state of debility, which occasioned its further protraction, the exhibition of tonics, and the use of generous diet, were necessary to support the system, and had an obvious effect in affording relief. Advantage was also, in some cases, thought to have been derived from the use of a syrup made of the expressed juice of the leaves of coltsfoot.

Apoplexies were also met with occasionally in the course of the present month. When early called, on the first symptoms of an attack, which was frequently gradual, it was absolutely prevented: and even where assistance was further delayed until the actual commencement of the fit, but before the action of the system had subsided, when a contrary practice becomes necessary, it was mitigated by the timely and plentiful use of evacuations.

In every disease, where it is the intention to reduce the inflammatory state of the system, it is well known, that the success of bleeding, the most powerful means of obtaining that end, in a great measure depends on the expedition with which the operation is performed; so that the necessary quantity may be taken away in the shortest space of time. In no disease, is the observation of this rule of more consequence, than in the apoplexy, where the delay of a few hours is attended with the most injurious effects, in consequence of the passage of the high excitement of the system into extreme insensibility. To this cause, viz. the omission of early and sufficient evacuations, may be attributed the want of success that attends the practice in most cases of the disease.

The attack came on, in those days which were very warm, and had succeeded to cool nights, in which, in one case in particular, the person was exposed, and who, in conjunction with a sedentary employment, was of a robust constitution, and had, in every respect, the peculiar make and habit of body, favourable to the production of the disease. The attack was accompanied with a paralytic affection of the right arm and leg. The pulse in the wrists was full and hard; and the carotids beat with uncommon violence. A mitigation of the symptoms followed the bleeding: and the hand and leg became subject to the power of voluntary motion. The pulse was seldom sufficiently reduced by the first operation, but rose and beat with its original violence. The relief, afforded by the first bleeding, and the continuance, though in a less degree, of the symptoms, made the repetition of the operation generally necessary. The habits of the patients also, which were commonly inclined to constipation, as well as the excessive action of the system, especially in the vessels of the head, pointed out the necessity of purges, which were always preferred when exhibited by the mouth, to the partial evacuations produced by glysters: these, however, became necessary in those cases, where the power of swallowing was suspended.

The utility of irritating applications to the extremities as well as of blisters to the neck, was also evident, except where, from the continuance of the lethargic state, the system became insensible to every external stimulus.



## FOR THE AMERICAN MUSEUM.

*Extract of a letter from the reverend mr. James Muir, principal of the academy at Alexandria in Virginia, to doctor Rush, dated July 29th, 1791.*

" I HAVE read with satisfaction, in the museum, your observations on studying the learned languages. There is little taste for them in this place. In our academy, where there are near ninety students, not above nineteen are poring over Latin and Greek. One of these nineteen was lately addressed by a student of arithmetic in the following language—Pray, sir, can you resolve me, by your Latin, this question, If one bushel of corn cost four shillings, what cost fifty bushels?—A demand of this kind from a youth, is to me a proof of the taste of Americans in the present day, who prefer the *useful* to the *ornamental*."

*ANSWER to the above letter, containing observations upon the study of the Latin and Greek languages, by doctor Rush.*

DEAR SIR,

IT gave me great pleasure to find, by your polite letter of July 29th, that my opinions, upon the subject of the Latin and Greek languages, have met with your approbation; and that the young gentlemen who compose your academy had discovered so much good sense in preferring *useful* to *useless*, or, at best, *ornamental* literature.

I have read all the replies that have been published against my opinions: and am more confirmed in the truth of them, than ever, by the weakness and fallacy of the objections that have been made to them. The stile of some of those replies has established one of my propositions in the most forcible manner. It has demonstrated that a knowledge of the dead languages does not confer taste or elegance in the English language, any more than it does good breeding, or good temper. I except from this remark the candid and ingenious letters published in the Federal Gazette, said to be written by doctor Stuber, of this city.

To persuade men, that white is *black*, or black, *white*, it is necessary sometimes to make them believe that they are *grey*. The mind requires a resting point, in passing from error to truth, upon many subjects. I shall avail myself of this weakness in human nature, and take the liberty of suggesting a method of teaching the Latin and Greek languages, which, I conceive, will be accommodated to the present state of the prejudices of our countrymen in their favour.

The late doctor Franklin used to say, that the learning of a dead or foreign language might be divided into *ten* parts. That it required *five* only to learn to read it—*seven* to speak it—and the whole *ten* to write it. Now, when we consider how seldom we are called upon to *speak* or *write* the Latin or Greek languages, suppose we teach our boys only to *read* them. This will cut off one half the difficulty of learning them, and enable a boy to acquire as much of *both*, in two years, as will be necessary for him. He will, moreover, by this plan, be able to read more of the classics than are read at present in our schools. The classics are now read only for the sake of acquiring a knowledge of the construction of the languages in which they are written; but by the plan I have proposed, they would be read for the sake of the matter they contained: and there would be time enough to read each book from its beginning to its end. At present, what boy ever reads all the *Æneid* of Virgil, or the *Iliad* of Homer? In short, few boys ever carry away with them any thing but a smattering of the classics. They peep into a dozen of them; but are taught to attend to every thing they contain, more than to the *subjects* which are treated of by them.

In the way I have proposed, a boy would be able to translate all the Latin and Greek books he would meet with, and from the perfect knowledge he would

acquire of them at school, he would probably retain that knowledge as long as he lived.

To carry this mode of teaching the Latin and Greek languages, into effect, it is absolutely necessary that a boy should first be instructed in *history* and *geography*. Let him read an account of the rise, progress, and fall of the Greek and Roman nations; and examine, upon maps, the countries they inhabited and conquered, and their languages will soon become interesting to him. The neglect of this natural and easy mode of instruction, is an inversion of all order. The absurdity of it was once happily exposed by a boy of eight years old, who, with a Latin Grammar in his hand, gravely asked his father, "who made the Latin language, and what was it made for?" Had this boy been previously instructed in the Roman history, he would not have asked such a question. Considering his age, it was as natural as it was foolish.

There is no play common among children, that strikes me with an idea of half the folly that I am struck with, every time I look into a Latin school, and see thirty or forty little boys pinioned down to benches, and declining nouns, conjugating verbs, or writing Latin versions. I consider the highest attainment in this kind of learning, as nothing more than successful doctards, but far less useful than those which are exhibited in the usual athletic exercises of schoolboys.

By adopting the plan I have proposed, a boy will not open a Latin or Greek book till he is fourteen or fifteen years old; so that the dead languages, instead of being the first, will be the last things he will learn at school. At this age, he will learn them with half the trouble, and understand them much better than he would have done at nine or ten years of age. For though languages are acquired with most ease by the *ear* under puberty, yet they are acquired most easily by the *eye*, after that period of life. But there is another advantage in making the Latin and Greek languages the last things that are taught at school. The bent of a young man's inclinations is generally known at fourteen or fifteen, and seldom sooner. Now if he inclines to commerce—to a military—or a naval life—or to a mechanical employment, (in all of which it is now agreed, Latin and Greek are unnecessary) it will be improper to detain him any longer at school, by which means much money will be saved by the parents, and much time saved by the boy, both of which are wasted by the present indiscriminate and preposterous mode of teaching the dead languages.

The idea of the necessity of a knowledge of those languages, as an introduction to the knowledge of the English language, begins to lose ground. It is certainly a very absurd one. We have several English schools in our city, in which boys and girls of twelve and fourteen years old have been taught to speak and write our native language with great grammatical propriety. Some of these children would disgrace our bachelors and masters of arts, who have spent five or six years in the study of the Latin and Greek languages in our American colleges. It is true, these Latin and Greek scholars, after a while, acquire a knowledge of our language: but it is in the same slow way, in which some men acquire a knowledge of the forms of good breeding. Three months instruction will often impart more of both, than a whole life spent in acquiring them simply by imitation.

Where there is one Latin scholar, who is obliged, in the course of his life, to *speak* or *write* a Latin sentence, there are hundreds who are not under that necessity. Why then should we spend years in teaching that, which is so rarely required in future life? To *read* the language, for some years to come, may be necessary; but a young man of fourteen or fifteen, may be taught to do this perfectly in one year, without committing a single grammar rule to memory, or without *spoiling his hand* by writing a single version.

Much more, in my opinion, might be said in favour of teaching our young men to *speak* the Indian languages of our country, than to *speak* or *write* Latin. By

their means, they might qualify themselves to become ambassadors to our Indian nations, or introduce among them a knowledge of the blessings of civilization and religion.

We have lately seen a large portion of power wrested from the hands of kings and priests, and exercised by its lawful owners. Is it not high time to wrest the power over the education of our youth, out of the hands of ignorant or prejudiced schoolmasters, and place it in the hands of men of more knowledge and experience in the affairs of the world? We talk much of our being an *enlightened* people; but I know not with what reason, while we tolerate a system of education in our schools, which is as disgraceful to the human understanding as the most corrupt tenets or practices of the pagan religion, or of the Turkish government.

With great respect for your character, as well as for your present honourable and useful employment, I am, dear sir,

Your friend and most obedient servant,

Philadelphia, August 24, 1791:

BENJAMIN RUSH.

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### AN ORATION ON IMMORTALITY.

*Delivered in New York.*

**H**OWEVER sublime our thoughts may rise, when we are contemplating the beauty, the grandeur, and awfulness of nature, they are lost and entirely absorbed in the single idea of immortality. Immortality! and shall this be my theme? Some listening angel infuse into my mind thoughts elevated as my subject, and furnish me with expressions suitable to its dignity; lest, while endeavouring to awaken divine sensations, I languish in the attempt, and dishonour the glorious truth, which I intend to maintain.

The reflexion that there is nothing lovely and charming in the material creation, but what is drawing towards a period, and will soon be lost in oblivion, lessens and sullies the excellence of all earthly objects. Bestow on me all the happiness my nature can bear; furnish me with every delight which imagination can conceive—yet, if any possible limit, as to the term of enjoyment, be assigned, you immediately open a source for the most gloomy apprehensions.

Immortality alone gives value to existence, and stamps an indelible mark of divinity on its possessor. Where is that mind, which can fully comprehend its nature, or pervade the space of its duration? Thought struggles to attain an equal height, but retires from the attempt, and fails, though not ignobly, in the godlike exertion.

When we consider the subject merely in an abstracted view, without affixing the idea of an immortal nature; do we not even then swell with the noblest ambition, and ardently pant for the conceived enjoyment? But are there, indeed, beings which shall never cease to be—who, after the revolution of unnumbered ages, shall still triumph in existence, and be perpetually increasing in the blaze of knowledge and the means of happiness? Reason, and more than reason, to these enquiries answers in the affirmative. Yes, there are seraphs, and angels, and the most exalted intelligences, who shine in beauty, glow with ineffable love, and imbibe those emanations of bliss and excellency which continually flow from the inexhaustible source of every possible good. They bask in the immediate rays of Deity, and must be wise and happy beyond all human conception.

But what is man? must he, at an awful distance only, behold that perfect beatitude, which others so fully enjoy? Can he do nothing more, than heave a sigh, a longing sigh, towards that brightness which is now too dazzling for his view—without the most distant hope of soaring on wings of fire, to mingle with the angelic throng? After looking abroad a few days into the works of his

Creator, and just learning to trace his amiable perfections—must he close his eyes in everlasting sleep? after he has spent a short life, in the promotion of useful designs, in the exercise of the social virtues, and in cultivating his intellectual powers, must he drop, at once, into non-existence, and meet with no reversion for his labours? Shall he be touched with sympathetic concern for virtue in distress, and mingle tears of heart-felt sorrow with the children of affliction; and shall the pity of heaven not be extended to him? Does not Vice, with an insulting brow, oftentimes drive her chariot over the votaries of religion and virtue, and prostrate the cause of truth? And shall they never meet with a compensation? If man is not immortal, is heaven merciful and just?

Take a view of nature in all her operations. Observe those bodies of immense magnitude, which, like diamonds, blaze in the vast expanse, either turning on their axis, or rolling in their orbs. The sun rises, and the earth is whelmed in a flood of day; the moon walks among the stars, in mild and serene grandeur, and eclipses their native splendor: and the seasons, in grateful vicissitude, dance round the year. Nothing in nature is torpid and inactive; but all things are arranged in the symmetry of order, and move in universal harmony. Shall then, the spirit of man, even in the commencement of his career, be seized by the black hand of terrifying annihilation, and be struck ignominiously from the page of existence, while matter remains to the praise of its author? Shall suns ascending to their meridian glories, rush at once from their spheres, and leave a universe to the terrors of darkness? Shall that divine flame, which can dart beyond the remotest star, which can rival its brightest fires, which can range the immensity of creation, and visit the Eternal's throne—shall that flame be ever extinguished! No.—Unerring truth maintains the assertion.

Lately enkindled by the breath of God, and endued with interminable powers, the human soul is situated at first in a lower sphere, to set out on her travels towards perfection. She is, after a while, removed to a more elevated station, where all her faculties are amazingly enlarged, where she is advancing in more rapid progression, and where at length she arrives at that height of glory, of which human imagination cannot have the faintest conception. So a river, which arises from a small, and almost imperceptible source, while pursuing its flowing meanders, swells with augmented streams, till at length with all its gathered waters, it rushes into the unbounded ocean, where it rolls in awful and majestic billows.

Behold, then, and admire the dignity of man! It is useful and glorious to meditate on what we are, and what we shall be; to enter into the capacious apartments of the mind, and examine its incorruptible riches, the unmerited gift of indulgent heaven; and to be indefatigable in the investigation of truth, and in the pursuit of every species of useful knowledge. Since the soul is always capable of improvement, her future capacity will be in some measure proportionate to her progression here. By exercise and reflexion, her powers become vigorous, and are made adequate to the highest exertions. By devotion and piety she learns to spread her wings, and soar ethereal heights towards those verdant fields of unfading honour, and those regions of consummate felicity, where she will fix her future abode. Shall those faculties, then, which are susceptible of such immense improvements, be suffered to lie in brutish ignorance and inglorious ease, overrun with the weeds of vice and folly? Shall that being, which can penetrate the universe, and in reason's scale weigh the truth of things, sink on the couch of indolence, and be enraptured with the objects of a day? What can be more shocking than the idea of a thoughtless immortal? Unaccustomed to rise above sublunary gratifications, and enkindle at the prospect of futurity—unmoved at the frowns of justice, or the captivating smiles of mercy—unawakened by the music or the thunder of the spheres, the shouts of happiness, or the groanings of



woe—amid “perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours” down the enchanting stream he smoothly glides, till, on a sudden, a dreadful cataract rushing down a rock, precipitates him into the roaring deep below—awfully surprised to find himself immortal!

The most celebrated and glorious actions, which gild the page of ancient or modern history, have generally sprung from minds conscious of their high descent and exalted nature. They found within themselves a secret monitor, which more than barely intimated “eternity to man.” Kind nature implanted in their bosoms the enrapturing hope of immortality; and, by cultivating the finer feelings of the heart, by cherishing sentiments of patriotism and benevolence, and by pursuing a steady course of virtue, that hope was increased and firmly established. Could persons, whose souls were enlarged with such sublime notions, descend to trivial or vicious actions? They viewed human nature in its most exalted character; and were transported with every thing that was noble, magnanimous and divine. The thoughts of immortality dignified their minds—the love of immortality inflamed them with a thirst for glory—and immortality it was, that touched the springs of many of those actions, which strike the world with admiration, wonder, and awe.

Whether we applaud the excellence of magnanimity, or the amiable effects of compassion and benevolence—whether we sing to the honour of patriotism, or crown with laurels the hero’s brow, we shall find the source, the glorious source of all these virtues, to be immortality. When the much-loved leader of our armies conducted them through the various and distressing scenes of a long and gloomy war, himself enduring the pains of hunger, cold, and fatigue—at one time enlivened by the gleamings of hope—at another almost yielding to despair—when he at length, by his valour and perseverance, led them on to victory, glory, empire, and acquired the honour of being styled the father and deliverer of his country—when he has now, in the decline of life, forsaken the inviting retreats of domestic tranquillity—and, in obedience to the united call of his children, assumed the important charge of presiding over the affairs of his redeemed country—say, will it be derogatory to his honour—will it tarnish any of his glories, or pluck a single laurel from his brow, to assert, that he was influenced in all, by a consciousness of immortality? Could motives have been drawn from a principle more sublime? No; he exults in being a man; and hence he has uniformly acted up to the dignity of human nature. Ye zephyrs! gently fan him with your odoriferous wing! Thou sun, beam with mildest rays upon him; and, ye guardian angels! long preserve a life, an inestimable blessing to his country, and a glory to mankind.

Is it then beyond a doubt—and are you, am I, is man, immortal! I would hail you, the favourites of heaven—I would soar with you to brighter abodes—I would embrace you with the tenderest affection, and burn with you, in one common, ardent blaze of love and gratitude to the author of our being, the bestower of such exuberant bliss. Let the tears of the mourners be henceforth wiped from their eyes; let the sighs of the disconsolate, be turned into songs of joy; and the subjects of affliction wake into exultations of triumph and praise. What though life is a checkered scene of disasters, disappointments and woe! What though “licensed pain, that cruel spoiler, that embosomed foe, embitters all our bliss!” What though the tyrant Death wraps in shades, our most dear and valuable friends! A few more revolving suns shall restore them to our sight, and place us secure beyond the arrows of death, and the reach of every evil.

Has ever the purest affection reigned between two lovers, and sweetly blended in one their enraptured souls? And were such lovers ever separated?—Restrain the gushing tear; do not exclaim against fate. An hour, not far distant, shall



afford an interview, a blessed interview never to be interrupted; when each in the other shall discern beauties unobserved before—shall interchange thoughts new, sublime, and the most endearing, such as the golden lyres of angels raise; and speak in accents soft as the breath of zephyrs, and melodious as Philomela's strain: cease then, ye virtuous fair, cease to mourn for the absence of your lovers, or to grieve at the removal of beauty. Ye shall hereafter assume the most enchanting form, roll an eye of inextinguishable lustre, and in consummate beatitude, "plead your loves before the Eternal's throne."

Are we not struck with an awful delight, while contemplating man, and his Godlike privileges? Nature herself shall end; but for man there is no possible bound. He shall behold the curtain drop, and be present at the consummation of all things. Look forward, fellow immortals! dart an eye beyond the present; explore the future and unknown. Let neither the changes of fortune, the vicissitudes of time, nor even the frightful tomb, limit your enlarged view. In fond anticipation, range the unbounded universe, visit the mansions of bliss, bathe in the sea of divine love, and reflect, in celestial splendor, the honours of the One Supreme. You shall be present at the grandest and most terrible of scenes. When nature shudders through all her powers, and strong convulsions disjoint her frame; high, and unmoved, ye shall see, far beneath, the lived flash of forked lightnings, and hear the awful thunder's repercussive roar, loud bellowing through the affrighted deep. And when new worlds in order and beauty ascend from the confusion, ye shall join the melodious choir of all the children of light, and shout for joy to the restored creation. Brighter suns shall blaze in the firmament; sweeter harmony wake among the spheres; while all the intelligent creatures of God shall muse in expressive silence, on their unbounded bliss. Let then the earth dissolve; let yonder sun be struck from his centre, and roll in disorder through affrighted space; and let the stars and planets, rushing from their orbs, clash in horrid contention; the immortal soul, on more than angel wings, ascends in grandeur,

"Unhurt amidst the war of elements,

"The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds."

#### THOUGHTS ON PIPES OF ALL DENOMINATIONS.

Mr. Editor,

**E**NJOYING the other evening the greatest satisfaction while snoaking my pipe, it occurred to me, that I was in duty bound to celebrate the praises of that instrument, which, replete with a most soothing narcotic, suspended the operation of disagreeable thoughts, and excited the most pleasing ideas. From the tobacco-pipe my mind made a sudden transition to every kind of pipes, till the whole family seemed present to my view.

Without pipes, (*wind pipes* I mean at present) no animal could exist. They are as necessary to life as the nostrils, which, aiming to engross breath by wishing to have it called the "breath of the nostrils," have greatly encroached on the dignity of the *wind pipe*. But, to put this matter beyond a doubt, let me seriously ask, of what use can the nostrils be, after the throat is cut? Hence, arguing *a priori*, I infer the extreme necessity of preserving our *wind-pipes* in good condition, and of carefully guarding them from knife, razor, halter, or garter.

"The man, who has not music in his soul," will most probably sneer at the panegyric, which I mean to bestow on another branch of the family, the *bag-pipe*. Often have I, in a distant country, contemplated the hilarity of the rustic lads and lasses, excited by this instrument, while the musician, as blind as were Homer, Milton, and Handel,

With flying fingers touch'd the pipe,

And heav'nly joys inspir'd,

If, quitting the rural scene, we review the splendid city, we shall find *that pipe* triumphant, which, in alliance with the labor, adds grace to beauty, and elegance to motion. Could a stoic (for even now a stoic is occasionally met with) be prevailed upon to enter a ball-room, he would, however reluctantly, acknowledge the charms of harmony, and be doubtful which most to applaud—the music of the ladies' feet, or the strains of the *pipe* and its ally. The oaten or pastoral *pipe*, animated by the breath of the love-inspired shepherd, was fortunately seized by Virgil, who, happily combining simplicity and taste, not only delighted the hearts of uncultivated rustics, but charmed the polished court of Augustus.

How many experience the influence of awe, reverence, and rapture, when they hear sacred music proceeding from the *pipes* of the “deep, majestic, solemn organ?” This instrument, in the opinion of many, peculiarly adapted to worship, elevates the soul, which, rising on the wings of harmony, reaches in idea the mansions of bliss.

There is, however, a species of *pipe*, with which I have not the assurance to meddle; but leave it, unmolested, in the hands of those gentlemen of practical knowledge, who know when and how to use it with propriety and efficacy.

Various are the phrases in the English language, which evince the multiplied and extensive significations of the word *pipe*, and its derivatives. I shall endeavour, as far as my memory extends, to blend them in the sentence, which follows—How many, who are *piping* but in pursuit of fortune, may shortly *set up their pipes*, like disappointed children! Compelled, whoever may dance, to pay the *piper*, and deserted by those, who once professed friendship for them, I will venture to lay a *pipe* of wine, that, if reduced to indigence, they will confess the truth of this adage—*no longer pipe, no longer dance.*

Philadelphia, Aug. 25, 1791.

TOM PIPES, junior,



*Copy of a genuine letter written by a gentleman to his friend, whose only child lay a corpse in his house.*

DEAR SIR,

**S**YMPATHY and weak nerves make me an improper early visitant on the calamity, which has befallen you. The afflicted are unsuitable consolers. I have felt, what you now feel; and perhaps, the best thing I can do for you, is to tell you faithfully, how I felt on that occasion. Near four years ago, I lost an only son. He was conveyed to the grave in a coach, which could only contain myself and other essential attendants, to the exclusion even of that particular friend, whose name was given to my boy at a time when we thought him dying, though he survived a week. This made it necessary for me to apprise my friend, who might have been hurt on hearing that this child was dead and buried without his knowledge. I did it the next morning after he died, before he was placed in his coffin.

For a fortnight before he died, I felt all you have felt for five days past, and more, than you, I hope, have done. Perhaps you can recollect, that I conducted neither like a christian, philosopher, or even a man, previous to his death. When it took place, that elemental storm of conflicting passions, (which gave severer pain to a mind of great feeling, and unbecoming want of firmness, than the most cruel mode of picketing could do to the body of a culprit dragoon,) subsided into a melancholy calm; and I insensibly slid into a representation of my instant feelings and reflexions.

From early mercantile habit, I preserve all drafts. This morning I had recourse to the billet alluded to: I remembered his name, and searched for a pre-

cedent in favour of your distressing cause—let me premise, that I believe, in your situation, you will, and ought to feel, and suffer as a man. Sudden styptics may be applied, and stanch the flow of spouting arteries: but *reason and philosophy, crowned with christianity*, cannot, and ought not, instantly to heal the wounds of a lacerated heart. There are, however, rational and manly palliatives and anodynes to blunt its exquisite feelings. I will give you what were mine on a situation which I painfully re-feel: and addressing myself to you upon your loss, in the very sentiments and expressions which I used at a similar hour upon my loss, to my friend, I will tell you, that your little girl “is no longer the object of the care, or consolation of mortals; but is, happily for her, early translated, to that state of felicity, which is our highest object and reward, after a long and wearisome pilgrimage through a world, whose thorny path is strewed with many trials and afflictions. While the fate of your child hung suspended, and the scales of life and death were alternately balancing, your mind was unavoidably extended on the rack of anxious and agonizing uncertainty: but reflect, my friend, as I did, and say as I said, at the very trying moments: “He, that gave her, has taken her home again, and I am satisfied, Children of the best dispositions, and who have received the best education from virtuous parents, are often, in the course of human events, seduced by villains, whose infernal eminence I cannot describe, into distresses and vices, which plant daggers into parents’ bosoms, that stick into them, through life. I have known too many excellent women and wives, kindly taken away from “the evil to come” of husbands, whom they once justly and tenderly loved. Your child, an atheist must allow, is gone to that place “where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.” But I feel a confident and animating hope, of a happy hereafter, our early promotion to which, will depend on our free and voluntary virtuous actions and exertions in this probationary life. You will die; I will die; the children we love, or *shall love*, will die; the wives of our bosoms will die; our dearest friends will die; they will die, to live, and meet again. Life is a short journey, and its roads are not as smooth as turnpike roads. Frail, *finite*, human nature is the vehicle, or stage coach; Disease the courier or postilion, that raps at the door, and tell you, that Death, the stern driver will not stay a moment. My boy was called for four years ago—your little girl last night. When you, or I, or our wives, or our children will be called for, we know not; but we shall all soon meet again at the end of this short journey, at one permanent, happy home. Your child and mine went untainted to the mansions of bliss. If I had the power, I should think myself cruel, to call back one I tenderly loved, from happiness, to a state, certainly of wretchedness, on the comparative scale. Bend your attention to your wife: *her situation* and sex demand it:—and in doing your duty to her, you will naturally, in a degree, forget, and alleviate your own feelings. The sex demand the attention of *men*; they have finer feelings than ours, and certainly powers of mind not inferior. I have no doubt but you feel yourself as much indebted to them, as I do. Remember, then, as I did on my severe blow, that you might have sustained a much severer one. I am, truly yours.

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### THOUGHTS ON THE PREVAILING MANNERS.

*By the late governor Livingston,*

O MORES.—*Perfus.*

**I**F virtue is the true spirit, and the grand support of republics, what must become of a commonwealth, in which that spirit is hastening to extinction;

and that pillar *tottering to its fall*? How melancholy the prospect, to see so many of us utterly inattentive to the interest of our country; and without a single thought about the common weal, totally absorbed in projects to advance our private emolument! *O mores!*

Is not our independence, which has cost us so much blood and treasure, worth preserving? Is it not worth perfectionating to the highest degree of glory and happiness, of which it is capable? As to the treasure, indeed, we have hitherto invented shifts and subterfuges to amuse our public creditors; but the blood by which it has been obtained, has been really expended; and the effusion of it would probably not be regretted by the beauteous souls of those patriotic heroes who have fallen in the contest, could they but see (if superior spirits behold our actions) that the prize, to the acquisition of which they so materially and so dearly contributed, was properly improved. But instead of having their felicity augmented by surveying the aggrandizement of this august fabric of liberty, whose foundations were laid in their blood, to see it threatening to crumble into ruin, by the decay of our public virtue; and beholding us leaving their widows and orphans unpaid and penniless—with what indignation and contempt must they look down upon our degeneracy and ingratitude? And if unembodied human beings can be disturbed in their celestial happiness by the obliquities and perversions of their fellow men below, such conduct must occasion, one would think, a momentary pause in their bliss immortal. *O mores!*

To betray the least reluctance at paying our proportion of taxes for defraying the expenses of a *revolution*, which is the astonishment of the world, and which hath delivered us from the chains and shackles, and the priest craft, ministerial-craft, king-craft, and devil-craft, that were combined to rivet them for ever. *O mores!*

To endeavour to procure laws in favour of the idle and dishonest, and to render precarious the property of the diligent and virtuous citizen! *O mores!*

Instead of having our souls inflamed with gratitude unremitted and inextinguishable to our Almighty Protector, for his ineffable loving kindness and tender mercies, in delivering us from the profound abyss of our public distress—to live in open violation of his sacred laws; and by our immoralities to insult the omnipotent and benevolent Author of our deliverance! *O mores! mores!*

To turn liberty into licentiousness; to recoil at all subordination, and treat with less reverence and respect the officers of government and magistrates of our own choice and appointment, than we did, under the dominion of Egypt, the ministerial tools of Pharaoh's kingly construction, who were sent among us rather to fleece, than to feed this remote corner of the royal sheepfold; and gradually to mature the long-hatched regal and prelatical project of our final and irretrievable thralldom. *O mores!*

To behave, in short, as our enemies wish us to behave, in order to weaken the foundations of our political establishments, and to flatter their hopes of having an opportunity, some time or other, to re-essay our subjugation to British tyranny! *O mores!*

For heaven's sake, my dear countrymen, let us deport ourselves, like citizens of a commonwealth founded upon the principles of liberty, by our virtue and patriotism—and by virtue and patriotism only to be supported and perpetuated. Let us not stifle that patriotic flame which so powerfully animated, vivified, and invigorated our breasts at our first embarkation on that ocean of tempests, which HE that walketh upon the wings of the wind, was pleased, *with a let there be liberty*, to speak into so glorious a calm. Let it never be quenched by self-interest or filthy lucre. But let us cherish it, foster it, nurse it, glew it to our hearts; or rather *write it upon them with a pen of iron, and with the point of a diamond; and engrave it upon the table of them, and upon the horns of our altars.* Amen!



## C O L U M B I A N O B S E R V E R .

FOURTEENTH NUMBER.

*To Mr. Simon Spectacles.*

SIR,

I HAVE frequently heard it remarked, that nothing has done more injury to social virtue, than the representing of human nature, under a picture of deformity. This remark seems to be founded on the idea, that every thing generous and good is left out of the representation, for the purpose of exhibiting the hateful colours of vice in an abstract, single point of view; and that therefore the picture is imperfect. This argument would, doubtless, have great weight, if applied to biographical writing; for in such writing there is an express reference to the person; and all the appropriate qualities of character, whether good or bad, should be portrayed, in order to form the perfect picture: but it cannot have equal force with regard to writings calculated only to oppose the current of vice, and guard the interests of morality and virtue. But if, in this respect, it be received as an argument of humanity, it is, at the same time, admitted to prove, that vice is not inimical to social virtue, and that it ought to remain unnoticed at the bar of public inquisition. This, however, is inadmissible; for in so far as vice or folly strikes at the duties, or wounds the happiness of social life, it becomes an object of public censure, and that for the very reason of its disservice to social virtue. An argument, therefore, which goes to prove too much, eventually proves nothing, and ought to be rejected as wrong in its principles, and false in its deductions.

In the book of living manners, sir, there is a character pointed out, which I shall endeavour to give you some description of. A few outlines will, however, suffice for the present purpose. Mr. Ruffle, sir, is a man of honourable parentage, and had the best education that the first seminaries in America could furnish. His natural abilities are good, and his literary acquisitions of the first description. But amidst all these advantages, his manners are formed upon the model of meanness, and are in strict union with vice and dishonour. Actuated by no motives that could spread a lustre round his name, or bias a single action in favour of benevolence, he presents himself to the world in the acknowledged character of a misanthropist. Perhaps, sir, according to a modern system, the influence of physical causes is a ground of apology for the deformity of his mind. I am happy in having hit upon this excuse. Perhaps, too, the advocates of that very *convenient* system may say, the impulse of instinct, by an over-ruling necessity, compels him to violate the obligations of morality, without any will of his own in the matter. That man is, indeed, to be pitied, who, by force of instinct, defrauds his neighbour of his due. Then, sir, you will compassionate Mr. Ruffle, for the necessity he is under, of acting in obedience to a law of his nature—a law, sir, which it is evident *no reason* can deprive of its force—*no virtue* can snap its cords of obligation. Sensible of the infirmities of human nature, I cheerfully, for the reasons I have mentioned, make large allowances for Mr. Ruffle. And I should be still more disposed to extend my charity to his fault of cheating by instinct, were it not that he possesses a large and affluent fortune! Now, sir, put on your spectacles, and tell me, like a philosopher, as you are, whether Mr. Ruffle is to blame for this instinctive principle of his nature? I wish you could answer this question in the negative. I would immediately place it as a full and satisfactory balance against the demands of rectitude, which now preponderate against him in the scales of equal justice. Have patience, sir, and keep on your spectacles a little longer. Lay your



hand upon your heart, and, in the fulness of your sincerity, answer me the question I have asked you. Can you sincerely answer it in the negative? I beseech you, then, to carry it to the account of mr. Ruffle, and give him credit in full.

I wish, sir, you would keep on your spectacles a few minutes longer, and take another peep into the book of manners that I have mentioned. In page 60, sir, is mr. Cutcaper's name. This gentleman, owing to a defect in the stamina of his constitution, has a natural antipathy against paying his debts. And he *politely* *insists*, that he would at any time rather employ a thousand tradesmen, than shock the antipathy of his nature by paying one single rascal of them. This he corroborates by his universal practice; for they are all obliged to *call again to-morrow*. So great is his aversion to settling his accounts, and paying the wages due to honest industry, that his whole animal system becomes earthquake by the convulsive struggles of his antipathy, when his tailor demands payment of his bill; and although he is in the receipt of a princely fortune, he has frequently declared that he would as gladly see a rattlesnake as a creditor in his parlour. Of the truth of this declaration I cannot doubt; for it is his uniform custom, if he discover a creditor at his street-door, and think he can escape from him without being observed, to retreat with precipitation out of the back-door to avoid him, and sneak into the *sanctum sanctorum*, or some other place of equal security. By studying his constitution, mr. Cutcaper has hit upon a remedy for his disease, which, though not of sufficient virtue to effect a radical cure, affords him temporary relief. Even a remedy of this palliative kind is of high value in long-standing and deeply-rooted complaints. The remedy, then, which, mr. Cutcaper has thus discovered, does not come from the offices of physic, nor is it selected from *Cullen's practice*, or his *materia medica*. No, sir, it is an original discovery of his own, and challenges a merit transcendently superior to all the recipes of the learned faculty. You know, sir, that the removing of the cause of a disease is the first indication of cure with physicians. But mr. Cutcaper's disease being primarily that of the constitution, he pronounced himself incurable, as to radical relief: he therefore conceived, that the avoiding of the exciting causes would gain him some comfort in life. In pursuance of this opinion, he has long practised his remedy with the most brilliant success. But the remedy, sir, is this. When a creditor comes upon him unawares, his antipathy to pay him shakes him to the very centre of his existence—sensible that the absence of his creditor is his only relief, he immediately, in an authoritative tone of voice, commands him to *call again to-morrow*. The creditor departs, and he is well. Oh, ye sons of *Æsculapius*!—why will ye remain such drones in the bee-hives of science, as to be outdone by mr. Cutcaper? Why go hobbling on the crooked legs of *hypothesis*? why go strutting along upon the stilts of *theory*? why do ye make such a hurly burly in the world about the practice of a Cullen and a Brown? Come to the clinical lectures of mr. Cutcaper—he will give you facts as solid as a rock and as stubborn as lignum vitæ—and teach you to cure diseases of the constitution similar to his own, by the charming magic of *call again to-morrow*.

I beg pardon, sir, for digressing from my subject. I know you will excuse me for exploring a new avenue to science, and for calling the attention of the faculty to this new discovery in the cure of a disease, which, like many other companions of the arts of civilization and refinement, is making rapid progress among the sons of extravagance and luxury. It is confidently asserted by some, but I will not guarantee the truth of the assertion, that mr. Cutcaper's disease has lately proved to be epidemic, and has actually diffused its contagion among the greatest part of the *giddy butterflies of fashion*. The leading symptom of this disease, they say, is universally the same in all. They all tell their creditors to *call*

*again to-morrow.* Hence it is, that the poor mechanic, on the profits of whose daily labour, perhaps, a numerous and helpless family are dependent for support, is not only, in this *honourable* manner, kept out of the wages of his industry month after month, but compelled, by a kind of necessity, to earn them over again fifty times, in attending the *leaves* of those fashion-made invalids.

Let those who are loling on the couch of luxury, and revelling in the dissipated round of debauch—and yet keep the labourer out of his hire—let those who riot on the spoils of honest industry, untold the allegory of this letter, and see their vices in the mirror of truth.

Are these things so? and are they the living manners of the times? Truth, in the pure, ingenuous language of sincerity, pronounces a solemn answer in the affirmative; while sighing Justice weeps over thy vices—oh man!

Mr. Spectacles, it is not a pleasing task to record the vices of our fellow-creatures. Nor is it less painful to reflect, that the record will step along with time, and hand the solemn testimonial to future ages. But it must be so; yet shall it not go alone;—there are those who do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly with their God—there are those, whose generous and noble souls are exalted by a divine spirit of benevolence—there are those, who acknowledge the tender claims of fellow-feeling and sympathy for the industrious poor—there are those, who have anticipated the demands of charity, by rearing temples of benevolence and monuments of love, which highly dignify and adorn humanity; there are those, who will not stop their ears against the cries of the unfortunate; for the mournings of the widows and fatherless, the sorrowful sighings of the wretched—of every son of misery, find a way to their hearts. May the number of these be increased—may the kind and benevolent affections of our nature be cultivated—and may every thing friendly and generous in the heart of man be cherished, and regarded as the best means of enlarging the happiness of human life.

I am, sir, yours, &c.

Philadelphia, August 21, 1791.

HONORUS.

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#### TO THE EDITOR OF THE MUSEUM.

SIR,

**I** Observe in your useful Museum, the admirable cure of the lock-jaw, which appears to be produced from the effects of a nail run into the foot: and being acquainted with the dangerous consequence of rusty nails, or other sharp iron, piercing the flesh, I take the liberty of introducing the following recipe, as an effectual remedy, to be used immediately after any such accident has happened.

Take turpentine and soft soap, equal quantities of each; mix them well together, and apply them on the wound, as a plaster, and they will extract the poison common thereto, and cure the wound, without any dangerous consequences.

August 8th, 1791.

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#### SELECTED PROSE.

*Thoughts on self-government, command of temper, and female studies. From letters to a young lady.—By the rev. John Bennet.*

#### LETTER I.

My dear Lucy,

**T**HE very first thing I should recommend after religious duties, as absolutely essential to your private comfort, is self-government, in the fullest sense of the word. This may be supposed to be included under the article of re-

ligion. And so in fact it is. But there are many well disposed people, that seem to think little things of this kind almost beneath their notice, though in reality they are interwoven with the repose of every day, and almost every moment.

The discipline of the imagination is the first thing to be attempted. This, in young people, is naturally warm; and if they are not cautious, will be apt to mislead them into very dangerous errors.

Thus whatever captivates their fancy, they take, without examination, to be all over excellence. Tinsel, because it glitters more, will be preferred to solid gold; a luxuriant, florid style in a writer, to the soundest and best-arranged arguments; the showy and brilliant in characters, to the truly valuable; and the gaudy in dress, to that artless simplicity, which is the offspring of an elegant and well cultivated taste.

Young people almost universally subject themselves to this kind of illusion. They enter upon life, as an enchanted country. The world, in their idea, has no caprice; fortune, no vicissitude; friendship is without insincerity; attachment without bitterness; and marriage is all happiness without alloy. What the scripture has called a wilderness, they make a paradise, whose landscapes are deliciously picturesque, and whose spring is ever green.

Experience, be assured, will not realize such high expectations. You will find that every object has its imperfections; that the world at best is but a mixture of good and ill, and that the lights of the picture will be interspersed with shades.

You will ask, where is the great harm of indulging, for a little while, these high colourings of fancy? The inconvenience is obvious. It will expose you to perpetual disappointments; and disappointments will create disgust. By such a false sublimation, you will have no relish for the rational pleasures, and no resolution to perform the solid duties of your condition. At any rate, you will want a proper share of fortitude and patience to encounter the many unavoidable ills and calamities of life.

## LETTER II.

THE next, most important thing is the government of your temper. I know many persons, that would not, for the world, be absent from the sacrament, or refuse to do a generous action, yet indulge themselves, seemingly without remorse, in such little instances of ill nature, peevishness, tyranny, and caprice towards their servants and inferiors, as render their houses a perpetual scene of discord, and hang, on every countenance, an uncomfortable gloom.

Such people should consider, that religion was intended to regulate the most ordinary actions of our lives; that prayer, sacraments, and opportunities of doing great good, come, comparatively, but seldom; but that it is, every moment, in our power to diffuse happiness among our domestics: and that this, if it proceeds from proper motives, will be an acceptable service to the God, who has appointed all the different ranks in society, and is the Father of all compassion. Nor have we much imbibed the true spirit of the gospel, if it has not taught us to bear patiently the imperfections of our fellow-creatures, and to temper authority with gentleness and good nature.

No consequence can justify one single act of caprice, sullenness or ill-humour. It is a direct violation of that universal law of charity, which requires us, in all our actions, to keep in view the happiness of others as well as our own.

Tyranny is a downright insult to any creature formed in the image of God; it would be unpardonable, if exercised even to a worm or insect, and generally proceeds from causes, which reflect no honour on the heart or understanding. It is often the result of a new-born greatness, that has not yet learned how to bear superiority—of a spleen, collected from want of employment—or a natural ill-temper, that never has submitted to the discipline of virtue.

Mildness is necessary to our own comfort. They, who are continually tormenting others, must be wretched themselves. It is essential to the dignity of our own character: and it is, I am sure, the highest policy, whether we mean to secure the affections, or the good services of our dependents.

It is a pitiful condescension in a woman of fortune to aggravate every little cause of complaint. A ruffled, angry, scolding woman is so far vulgar and disgusting, and, for the moment, a sort of virago.

Moderation is the great secret of government. To be always dissatisfied is the way to lose all authority and respect. The consequence of those people is most cheerfully acknowledged, who seem the least forward to assert it.

And what says the law of all wisdom and all perfection? "Masters, give unto your servants, that which is just and equal, knowing that ye also have a master in heaven. Put on, as the elect of God, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, long suffering, forbearing one another, and forgiving one another. Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart. Be pitiful, be courteous."

If the gospel was published "to bring peace on earth, and good-will towards men," this kind affection should begin with families, which, collectively, compose all the nations of the world.

### LETTER III.

**T**HE piety, I have recommended, will make you always happy in yourself, and respected by all the worthy and discerning, though you should happen to have none of those intellectual endowments, which procure a greater share of fame and admiration. But you may be sensible as well as pious: you may be entertaining as well as good. Your reason and understanding were given you to be improved: a proper pursuit of knowledge, at the same time, will aid and inflame your piety, and render you much more valuable and interesting to all your acquaintance. When the foundation is laid in virtue, the superstructure may have every graceful embellishment.

Knowledge will recommend you to many, over whom mere piety would have no power. It will give great energy to your goodness. The picture will be thus elegantly framed, and placed in the best point of view.

Learned women, however, have been often a proverb of reproach, feared by their own sex, and disliked by ours. A neglect of their person, and of family concerns, as of little things beneath a superior understanding; a vain ostentation of their abilities in company—and, upon all occasions, a supercilious contempt of their sister women in general, and an ungraceful avidity for the company of men, have been reckoned amongst their distinguishing characteristics.

The truth is, some females have been viragos in their knowledge, not only injudicious in the kind they have aspired to, but the use they have made of it: and an indiscriminate stigma has been fixed upon all, who have endeavoured rationally to improve their understandings.

On the other hand, it is said of women, that they are so ignorant, frivolous, and insipid, as to be unfit for friendship, society, or conversation; that they are unable to amuse, entertain, or edify a lonely hour, much more to bless or grace that connexion, for which they were principally formed.

What, my dear girl, can a judicious woman do in such a dilemma? How must she act, to avoid the imputation of pedantry on the one hand, and ignorance on the other?

There is a narrow, middle path betwixt these extremes. Judgment must point it out, and good sense direct you in the execution.

The prominent excellencies of your minds are taste and imagination; and your knowledge should be of a kind, which assimilates with these faculties. Politics, philosophy, mathematics, or metaphysics are not your province. Machia-



vel, Newton, Euclid, Malebranche, or Locke, would lie with a very ill grace in your closets. They would render you unwomanly indeed. They would damp that vivacity, and destroy that disengaged ease and softness, which are the very essence of your graces.

The elegant studies are, more immediately, your department. They do not require so much time, abstraction, or comprehensiveness of mind: they bring no wrinkles, and they give a polish to your manners, and such a liberal expansion to your understanding, as every rational creature should endeavour to attain.

While men, with solid judgment and a superior vigour, are to combine ideas to discriminate, and examine a subject to the bottom, you are to give it all its brilliancy and all its charms. They provide the furniture; you dispose it with propriety. They build the house; you are to fancy and to ornament the ceiling.

Cultivate, then, such studies, as lie within the region of sentiment and taste; let your knowledge be feminine, as well as your person. And let it glow within you, rather than sparkle upon others about you. A diamond, so polished, will always be valued. You will charm all, but the ignorant and vulgar. You will be a rational, entertaining companion, and the symmetry of your features will derive a double lustre from the beauties of your mind.

(*To be continued.*)

*Betters from gen. Hand to the Philadelphia society for the promotion of agriculture, on the advantage of preparing seed oats with plaster of Paris.*

SIR,

*Philadelphia, Aug. 17, 1790.*

PERMIT me, through you, to lay before the agricultural society, the result of the following little experiment, so far as I have been able to ascertain it.

Late in the month of April last, having a piece of ground in the vicinity of the borough of Lancaster, prepared to be sown with oats, which I supposed would take sixteen bushels of seed, the evening before it was sown, I had eight bushels put into a trough and covered with water. The next morning, the water was drawn off, and the oats laid in a heap to drain, for a short time, say half an hour: then plaster of Paris, in powder, was thrown on, by small quantities at a time, and mixed with the oats, till they acquired a sufficient degree of dryness to be sown evenly. In this process, one bushel of the plaster was consumed; the seed thus prepared, and dry seed from the same original heap, were sown on alternate lands throughout the field. The whole came up together, and in due time, and no difference was visible for seven or eight days. From that time forward, the distinction became very evident. The oats on the lands sown with the prepared seed, were much more luxuriant and of a deeper green, until they began to ripen. On the second instant, they were cut, being then perfectly ripe, while those, on the lands sown with the unprepared seed, were yet green, the heads much smaller, and promising in every respect a worse crop.

On the eighth I left home. They were then unfit to cut, and appeared as if they would not be ripe for five or six days after.

I mean to have the oats, produced from the prepared and unprepared seeds, threshed separately, to ascertain, with precision, the difference in the quantity and the quality of the produce, which shall be communicated to the society, so soon as conveniently may be,

I have the honour to be, &c.

*Samuel Powell, esq. president  
of the agricultural society.*

EDWARD HAND.

SIR,

*Lancaster, March 4, 1791.*

IN August last, I communicated to the agricultural society, the result of an experiment I made, the preceding April, by preparing seed oats with plaster



ter of Paris, so far as the same could be then ascertained, Having since determined the difference of the produce from the prepared and unprepared seeds, I beg leave to lay it before the society—The produce of the eight bushels of prepared seed, was one hundred and twenty-two bushels, and about a peck; of the like quantity of unprepared seed, ninety-six bushels, the former yielding an increase of fifteen and a quarter for one, or thirty and a half bushels to the acre; the latter only twelve for one, or twenty-four bushels to the acre. The produce of the prepared seed weighed thirty three and a half pounds the bushel; that of the unprepared only thirty-two and a quarter pounds—so that for about five shillings, the expense of a bushel of plaster of Paris, I gained twenty-six bushels of oats; and by allowing for the increased weight, one and a quarter lb. per bushel, on one hundred and twenty-two bushels, I may fairly add four and a half bushels more, making, in the whole, thirty and a half bushels.

EDWARD HAND.

Samuel Powell, esq.

*The aggregate amount of each description of persons, and the total number resident in the following districts, taken by the marshals of the said districts according to law.*

Districts.	Free white males of 16 years and upwards, including heads of families.	Free white males under 16 years.	Free white females, including heads of families.	All other free persons.	Slaves.	Total.
Rhode-Island,	16,019	15,799	32,652	3,407	943	68,825
New-York,	83,700	78,122	152,320	4,654	21,324	340,120
New-Jersey,	45,251	41,416	83,287	2,762	11,423	184,139
Pennsylvania,	110,788	106,948	206,363	6,537	3,737	434,373
Maryland,	55,915	51,339	101,395	8,043	103,036	319,728
Virginia,	110,936	116,135	215,046	12,866	292,627	747,610
N. Carolina,	65,988	77,566	140,710	4,975	100,572	393,751

### E L O Q U E N C E.

A Gentleman at the bar, who lately wrote a treatise on oratory, being desirous of giving his friends a proper idea of his manuscript, engaged six or eight of them to come and hear him read it. The company being seated, and the reader in the centre of the room, he began with much gravity: and having in three or four pages, described the nature of eloquence, and then thus continued: "This being premised, it follows, that the great, the grand, the first—I had almost said the only—requisite to make an orator is"—here was a short pause; and one of the company, taking advantage of it, added, in a similar tone of voice, "A very large, and a very well powdered periwig."

## THE NEGRO EQUALLED BY FEW EUROPEANS.

*Translated from the French. Continued from page 40.*

"**I**T was easy for me to conceal myself during the day in the neighbourhood. I felt that by this journey the dangers of Amelia were increased: yet the circumstance animated my hopes. The mountains offered an asylum for her. The situation favoured me. Could I once inform her where I was, I should have no fear. She might find a favourable occasion: the first signal would find me ready.

"How strangely were circumstances playing with us! In the same place were assembled, without their having the least suspicion of it, three persons who, on the whole earth, had the greatest interest in meeting with each other! Ah! what had I not dared, had I known you were near me!

"During the first night, all seemed quiet in the house. With my utmost diligence I could not discover the apartment in which Amelia was placed. On the following night, I perceived, though extremely late, a light in one of the chambers. I set danger at defiance, without first weighing the necessity of it; for I saw that I must place some confidence in chance, if I would save Amelia. I approached close to the house without noise. The window was on the first floor. By efforts more happy than wise, I at length supported my feet on the stone work which served to divide the stories of the building: and I stood with my face close to the window. I saw Amelia sitting, supporting her head with her hand. She seemed abandoned to despair. A young man standing before her: I knew him to be the person who was the cause of all this wretchedness. He seemed to be leaving the chamber. "To-morrow," said he, opening the door, "remember it is my last word: to-morrow."—"I will die, tyrant," answered Amelia.

"I heard the door shut. Scarcely was he out of the chamber, when she rose; ran to the door; and fastened it by bolts which were within. I no longer hesitated: but, at the hazard of alarming her, I said in the negro language: "do you no longer remember Otourou?" She started with terror and surprise. "Do you dread your friends?" continued I. "Fear nothing! it is I!" She tremblingly approached the window; opened it softly; saw me, and knew me. "Is it you!" said she—"but where am I? Is it not a dream? I have thought—but"—

"Oh God!" said I, support a feeble oppressed woman!" emboldened by success, I sprang into the chamber. I took her into my arms. "It is I! It is Otourou! Lose not this precious moment! Fly with me!" "Ah heaven," said she, "what happiness! Yes, it is certainly Otourou!" "But fly"—"To what purpose? To-morrow would drag me back to this dungeon, and you to a certain death." "Fear not." "Ah, he has here too many vile agents of his will! In two days the villain departs for the city. On the evening of that day, return: I shall be ready. We shall be less observed; he will not be here to direct the pursuit." "But in the mean time"—"Do not fear me: the coward dreads my courage. I know how to make him tremble. But he gone. Should you be perceived—Yet stay—Ah, will you still hazard yourself for me? Will you promise me?"—"I swear it. I will ever have my eyes on you. The approaching night, and the night after that, I will be here. But, adieu. Extinguish your light. I may be seen." "God bless you, my deliverer!" said she. I descended with more difficulty than I had found in gaining the window, but with equal fortune.

"Amelia was not mistaken; her unworthy oppressor departed, at the break of the day she had supposed. I saw him go into his carriage; and I was certain that Amelia was not with him. "Amelia then is still in the house, and I shall

rescue her," said I, with the greatest joy and confidence. I looked for the evening with impatience; it was that which she had appointed for my returning to her; yet fatigue bore me down: during five days, I had not taken any repose. My mind had not, for a long while, experienced such tranquillity as I now felt. I retired into the forest; and there abandoned myself to all the delights of sleep.

"When I awakened, the evening was approaching, I rose with haste, and ran to regain my post of observation. Every thing appeared quiet around the house. Night came. The clock struck ten. The lights of the different chambers were successively extinguished, excepting that of Amelia. The windows of her apartment were open. In a few minutes a person (whose figure I could not clearly distinguish, but whom I imagined to be Amelia) approached the window, and let down a ladder of ropes; which appeared to be fastened by one end to the inner part of the room.

"No longer doubting that Amelia had prepared this for her descent I advanced close to the house, and examined the ladder: it appeared to be firm. Profound silence covered the whole house: and I was persuaded that no one suspected our designs.

"I now perceived the ladder move, and disposed myself to receive Amelia in my arms. I saw, descending with caution, not Amelia: not a woman!—almost did my presence of mind forsake me. Yet I glided along the wall; and, at the distance of a few paces, laid myself flat upon the earth: it appeared the only chance I had to escape unobserved. This person having gained the ground, left the ladder suspended as it was, and came towards me. It was a man. I thought myself dead. He passed so close as almost to tread on me, and soon was out of my sight.

"I saw that I was not yet discovered: but I was left in a wilderness of reflexions. "What can this mean?" thought I. "Has she placed her confidence in any other? Has she sent this person to see, if I am expecting her? I will wait; he may return perhaps."

"What imprudence," continued I to myself, after a short but horrid interval. "What an important instant do we lose!"

"There was still light in the chamber. My uncertainty, the real peril of my situation, even the shade of night, which renders the softest sound, the lightest object, alarming—but he must have passed such hours as these, who can imagine what I endured.

"The clock struck twelve—one—two—all remained as before. I could contain my impatience no longer. "I will leave this incertitude, though it be to perish!" said I.

"I seized the ladder. I mounted to the window: I saw no one. I listened: I heard no one. The light, placed under the chimney, was almost extinguished. After a moment's hesitation, I resolved. I sprang into the room.

"To every person but myself, the very appearance of the chambers would have announced the flight of Amelia. The bolts of the door were fastened within. The bed had the appearance of some one having passed part of the night in it, and having arisen from it. Some articles of a woman's dress, which were thrown negligently on the furniture, remained. In short, to overcome all doubt, a billet lay open, upon a table, in which were these words:

"Amelia escapes your vile purposes! Heaven will avenge an unhappy father—will avenge the unfortunate Amelia!"

"My mind almost yielded to the persuasion, that all was a dream which had passed since the moment of my imprisonment. Who could look around this chamber, and not swear that Amelia had fled by the aid of the ladder? I was certain of the contrary. I had seen the ladder placed. One person alone had descended by it; that was not Amelia. Yet Amelia was gone. But how?

But where? Knowing me so near, too! Hazarding my life for her! Could she leave me to be the sacrifice of my fidelity!

"A noise, which I thought I heard in the house, roused me. The billet was in my hand. Thinking only of flight, I put it, without design into my pocket. I ran down the ladder; and fled to the forest.

"I now perceived, that I had brought away Amelia's note; and wished I had left it for the eye of her unworthy tyrant. "Yet, it is no matter," said I. "Her flight will sufficiently mortify him."

"I knew not what to do; and I passed the day without reason furnishing me either with consolation, or any means to relieve me from my embarrassment. In the evening, I involuntarily returned towards the house; although I knew that my zeal was useless. To my astonishment, the ladder remained in its former situation. My imagination ran through the scene of the preceding evening. In certain moments, I firmly believed, that Amelia was still in her apartment. I was so perfectly lost, that a carriage had already entered the court-yard, without my hearing the sound of its approach. It was after midnight; but I could perceive it was the European youth. The whole house was raised; and, surrounded as I was by his retinue, I feared to leave the spot, till they should be dispersed.

"In a short time, I heard the sound of instruments breaking open the door of Amelia's apartment. It was time for me to fly; but still some of the family were employed so near me, as to render it more prudent to remain quiet. I heard the young man cry out, "She is gone! She is gone!" "Ah, my lord," replied a voice, she must have escaped within these two hours; for I myself served her with supper this very night. "Say you so," thought I to myself. "Perdition!" cried the young man. "It must be that insolent negro: but the wretch shall die!"

"At present, my dear Itanaka, I see that you were the person of whom he spoke: but I then thought the threat regarded me, and that certainly they had perceived me. I cursed my rashness; a single moment stood betwixt me and ruin. I forgot the negroes, who were employed in the court beside me; and fled with the swiftness of a stag.

"I looked not behind till I had gained this place, in which we now are, and where I thought myself secure, at least for the present."

"My dear Otourou," said I, we shall find her. She cannot be far distant from us. She knows you are in this island. She thinks her father still here. Her heart will not permit her to quit it without seeing you both. We will return to Honoria. We will tell her all. Her knowledge, her influence, will recover Amelia. She owes assistance to the unhappy Amelia, but, independent of the injuries of her brother, she will be impatient to relieve her.

"I swear to follow," said Otourou, "wherever your wishes shall lead you. But do you forget what awaits you at the city?" "Your presence," replied I, "has dissipated all my fears; I do not well know the laws of these white people: but, if I mistake not the conversation of Honoria on the subject, two witnessses are sufficient to confound the imposition of Urban. We had only Duménil; but your presence completes my defence. Your evidence, added to that of the broker, cannot fail to convince my judges, that Dumont bought me of Urban." "Well!" cried Otourou, "we will away; and let the vile Theodore tremble: one day perhaps shall offer him to my vengeance."

Who that saw me quit the city, would have imagined I was on the eve of so much happiness? The recital of Otourou had, indeed, wrung my heart: but what were my sensations at the close of it?—Some degree of certainty in the place of endless doubts; and a prospect, if not the presence, of happiness.

My passion for Amelia was not extinguished; but it had been somewhat diminished among an infinity of vexations. The misfortunes of Amelia and—



I dare not conceal it—the violence of jealousy, had awakened my love to its greatest vigour; and, though I was ignorant of the place of her immediate retreat, wide seas no longer divided us: she inhabited the same country with me; and probably a short time would restore her to my bosom. Otourou was by my side; and Dumont, undoubtedly, whatever led him away, would not be slow to return.

Whence has it happened—of the number of virtuous beings, with whom I have been connected, we have always seen the negroes performing more than was expected from them, and Europeans continually less than they seemed to promise? What causes this difference? May it not be—that, with equal integrity of design, civilized man follows natural inclination less than the savage. The latter continues firm and attached to his first propensities, which are always those of virtue; while the former is incessantly turned aside, by that crowd of puerile modes of fictitious duties, which encounter him at every step. Even, thus embarrassed, he has to combat with passions and vices prodigiously more active and multiplied in the midst of civilized nations, than among men that have scarce any wants, scarce any objects of ambition. Thus it happens, that a man in cultivated society loves virtue, and would fain pursue it with undeviating course, yet wanders into error and vice. What shall we conclude? Shall he renounce virtue as impracticable? No: but, let him renounce the multitude of prejudices, the children of false education, which almost subdue his energy and extinguish his natural virtues. Europeans! are these prejudices so dear to you? Preserve them in your circles; respect them in your repasts; bow to them at public diversions; but, when the question is to execute justice or to commit wrong, drive them from you without a blush. Do what is right. Behold the first business of man!

As soon as it was sufficiently light, we quitted our grotto; descended the mountains; and took the way to the city. I was almost sure of finding Amelia there; and love gave swiftness to my feet. My first design was directly to proceed to Honoria; but Otourou insisted on the prudence of first visiting Bruno; as his house would be a more sacred asylum, and as his experienced counsels would be most likely to aid us.

How does the presence of a friend spread charms on every thing around. Separated from all whom I love, seeing nothing but a desert in which I strayed, weeping over the past and trembling for the future, such was my condition before I met with Otourou. Now I felt nothing but hope, which the effusions of friendship increased in every moment.

The astonishment contended with the delight of Bruno on seeing me. "Ah!" said he, "heaven has inspired your return. In my rapture I had come to seek you myself, had I not thought it safer to wait intelligence from you. Two days have wrought such a change!"—"They have filled me with benefactions," said I, presenting Otourou to him. The worthy old man, who had not yet taken his eyes from me, now looked on my friend; recollected him; and blushed. "My dear Itanoko," said he, "you are not generous: but I have merited this confusion. Yes, this is the man through whom I have experienced pleasure bordering on extacy, and anguish approaching death. My father!" "What do you say?" returned I. "Are you grieved to have produced the greatest happiness of my life? When you know his name—He is the friend of my heart—He is—Otourou."

"Otourou!"—"Yes: and see the tears of gratitude in the eyes of your children. Repulse, if you can, their arms, which are raised to their deliverer! and now reproach yourself for an action, which nature, friendship, humanity applaud at your feet!"

"But which equity still condemns:" said the old man. "But why do I deprive you of such moments with my remembrance? Hear my joyful news!"



Yet, first, he threw himself into our arms. We no longer restrained our mutual joy. Oh inexpressible delights of the soul! Had heaven permitted each man to taste you, but once, in his life, selfishness had never appeared on the earth!

When we were somewhat tranquillised, Bruno made us sit on each side of him. "Urban has terminated his unhappy life," said he: "and Ferdinand—Ferdinand is returned." "Ah God!" cried I, "and have I not embraced him?" I flew toward the door. "Stay," cried Bruno. "The duties of filial piety, at present, occupy him. Yesterday, he departed for the plantation of M. de C—, to perform the last duty to his father's remains; but undoubtedly he will soon return to this city." "And I shall see Ferdinand again!" cried I: "Ah what transport!" "And mine is the happiness," said Bruno, "of announcing the tidings."

"My friend," said Otourou to me, "the first moments of your prosperity are due to Ferdinand. To find you restored to him may lessen the anguish of a father's loss. Why should we not go to join him? This duty appears to be indispensable." "It was first my thought," answered I; "but the unworthy Theodore will be there: and shall I not outrage Ferdinand's presence by the effects of my fury?"

In a word or two, I unfolded to Bruno all the horrors of which Otourou had informed me. "My children," said the old man, "it is in vain that the wicked, under the protection of power and fortune, brave human justice. They cannot escape the arm of God. Theodore is a proof it. Theodore is no more." Otourou and I looked at each other with astonishment. "This lesson," continued Bruno, "is not for you, my children: but it is terrible to depraved minds. Yet, listen."

"You had not left me more than an hour, Itanoko, when I heard a knock at my gate. I opened it. Ferdinand stood before me. His affairs had been finished sooner than was expected. Love, friendship, duty, hastened him back to this place. The elements forwarded his desires. A voyage of thirty days conducted him here. He was already anchored on the very last night which you passed with me. He flew instantly to his father's. He was informed of the loss he had just sustained. He mingled his tears with those of his mother; and finally came to shed them in my bosom."

"Urban had died soon after his arrival at the plantation; a messenger had been dispatched with the sorrowful tidings to his spouse; and the arrival of Ferdinand followed almost immediately."

"He was in haste to speak of you, Itanoko. I informed him of all that had befallen you—of the kindness of Honoria—of the persecutions which you had experienced—your rare instance of generosity to his dying father—in fine, of my own want of faith, which had compelled you to seek security among the Spaniards."

"You will feel the effect of my recital on his affectionate heart. We first considered how we were to recover you. I sent to Duménil, for the negro whom you have seen there, and who enjoys my entire confidence. He came; and although uncertain of the exact route you would take, he resolved to seek for you. You could not be more than three hours before him. He must have mislaid your route; for, mounted on one of Ferdinand's best horses, he must otherwise soon have overtaken you."

"Ferdinand quitted me to visit Honoria. In about half an hour, I received a message from the two lovers, requesting my immediate presence. The message somewhat alarmed me; and I ran to join them. I found Honoria divided between joy and anguish. "This hour," said she, "brings back my Ferdinand; yet must this sacred hour be violated with my sorrows. Death will not long delay to deprive me of my father; and he has already hurried away my brother in the midst of his crimes. He is no more, my dear Bruno. Alas! this unhap-

py brother is no more. I cannot assume courage, to communicate the mournful intelligence to my father. I reckon on your friendship, to perform this duty for me. Your wisdom, my friend, will give to your consolations a value which mine would want, would my own griefs permit me to offer consolations."

"I am very willing," said I, "to charge myself with this office, however painful." "But I must give you the circumstances of this sad event," said Honoria. "Ferdinand has just told me, that Itanoko, whose absence since his last words to me, has given me great inquietude—that Itanoko has lately seen you. Undoubtedly, he related to you the motives which conducted Urban to the plantation, and the dreadful situation in which he left him. My brother, who expected Urban, saw him approaching, and ran to meet him. He was going to embrace him, but saw him pale, bloody, scarcely able to support himself. Terrified, he called for assistance; they took Urban in their arms; carried him to a chamber; and placed him on a bed. In a few minutes he expired."

"My unfortunate, but too culpable, brother, enraged to see his designs overturned by this unforeseen death, called upon him; embraced him; and almost abandoned himself to despair on his body. Fatal anxiety!"

"At this instant, some of his attendants, whom he had sent to pursue Itanoko, entered the room. They informed him of their ill success. His fury was now wrought up to madness. One of his domestics would have led him from this scene. Theodore forgetting every thing but his ungovernable rage, seized a pistol which was in Urban's girdle; and was in the act of presenting it at the domestic. Even slaves will at times dare much for life. The slave rushes upon Theodore. They struggle. They fall together. The pistol is discharged: and Theodore dies."

"How awful," said I, interrupting Bruno, "is this catastrophe! Theodore has injured me much, yet must I pity him." "Behold," said Otourou, "the unerring hand of justice. This unfeeling villain, fell beneath the weapon of his accomplice—fell by the hand which was used to administer to his vile pleasures!"

"I have lately seen," said Bruno, "another peculiar example. An old man rich, but just, was peaceably passing away the remains of a well-spent life. He was seized with sickness, and seemed at the point of death. A depraved nephew, who had often avowedly anticipated the felicity, which an immense inheritance promised him, now thought it necessary to preserve appearances with his uncle; and not to quit him, till he should have breathed his last. He kept close to his bed-side, impatiently watching for that moment. I went to administer my last consolations to the good man. While I was imploring the Supreme Being to spare so valuable a life—while his friends, his attendants, fervently joined in the prayer—while the sick man cast his eyes with resignation towards heaven; the dissipated, depraved youth solicited death to hasten his approach. The signal is given: but for whom? Great God! Death extends his scythe, and the young man closes his eyes forever."

We had not recovered from the shock of these recitals, when the door opened, and a stranger entered without ceremony. "Pardon me, sir," said he to Bruno, "but I must execute my duty." Without waiting his answer, he said, addressing himself to Otourou and I, "which of you is Itanoko?" "My name is Itanoko," replied I. "Have you not a comrade with you?" said he. "It is I," replied Otourou. "Then we are right," said the stranger. Twenty armed men instantly appeared in the chamber, surrounded us, seized us, and loaded us with irons.

The trembling Bruno cried, with a broken voice; "How, gentlemen—he is—in my asylum! What have they done?"—"I am sorry, sir," answered the stranger who first entered, "that this should happen in your house; but I see

cute my orders. You may read them." Bruno cast his eye on them. They are leading us away. He throws himself into my arms. He cannot utter a word. "Why do you alarm yourself?" said I. "Be composed. Behold your assurance! (placing his hand upon my heart): this never has done any thing, never shall do any thing, which merits chains."

We were led out. We had to support the gaping attention of the multitude; and if the cup of shame had been prepared for the innocent, they had compelled us to swallow large draughts of it.

The populace are almost every where the same. When the unfortunate are presented to them, enveloped with the appearance of a crime, they are already condemned at the tribunal of opinion. The more a nation is depraved, the greater will be the strength of this prejudice; for, as the manners of men become more corrupted, the less reliance have they on the virtues of other men. But barbarous, odious as is this custom, it is not unworthy the attention of philosophy. It announces, that the distinctions of justice and injustice are not entirely effaced. Better is it, that the people should overwhelm with disdain an innocent man, charged with guilt, than that they should behold him with indifference; for then all would be lost: in that indifference the enlightened observer would perceive the principles of a people entirely corrupted. If the manners of a nation be pure, they pity the unfortunate: if they be degenerate, they load them with outrage: if they be altogether debased, they look on with indifference.

We arrived at our prison. They separated us. The doors opened with a horrid noise. The sun disappeared from our eyes. We were plunged into the bowels of the earth. Men abandon us there: but God and innocence still remained with us.

My thoughts were turned to Otourou. Alas! what evils have not my fatal friendship heaped upon his head! and what has he to expect in future? My own situation declares it to be terrible. Ah, my suffering friend!

I could have waited, without impatience, without murmuring, without fear, the result of this astonishing treatment, had it regarded myself alone: but to know what the friend of my infancy endured—endured, through his fatal attachment to me, without being able to console him, was a torment which nearly deprived me of reason—and of what avail was reason? It offered me nothing to lessen the recollection.

But from whence could this stroke come? My bitter enemies had ceased to live. If I looked around me, I saw none but friends. Never, from the first moment of my afflictions, did fortune smile so perfectly on me. Perfidious! was it in caring, that she meant to crush me? And what have I done? Alas! cried I with grief, detested walls, who detain virtue captive within your frightful obscurity, far from the light of truth.—Alas! who is he that needs not fear your odious presence, however innocent he may be, seeing you surround the unfortunate Iranoko!

How do the opinions of men depend on time and place! what little pusillity govern their distinctions! In Europe, the fierce, the audacious Europe, the dependants of a court are the objects of public veneration; and I, allied to a throne, do not experience from these Europeans the attention which they pay to the least of their countrymen. Will they find their excuse in our simplicity? If I have well read their history, what were formerly these haughty Goths, Britons, Germans? Less than we; for they were still unskilled in the arts and sciences, and, at the same time, were more cruel. Their successors disavowed us, who would blush to resemble their ancestors!

Hitherto, I had not examined the tomb into which I had descended alive. I now ventured to meet its horrors with my eyes. Enormous pillars sustained the dark and silent vaults. There, the antique Rome, formed by the hand of man, had

again descended into the bosom of the earth, to be for ever the insensible witness of the despair of guilt, and of the sighs of innocence. Enormous rings, fastened to the walls, sustained heavy chains, whose fast folds waited till new victims should be sacrificed to them. Some steps, worn by time, proceeded in a winding course, to gain an iron gate, which hid its head in the elevation of the arch. A melancholy lamp, suspended from the centre, cast its dying flame, that no part of this dismal scene should be hidden from the wretched inhabitant.

There, with no companion but my fetters, far from humanity, I shed tears that in truth were bitter, but not embittered by remorse.

I know not how long I remained in this abode. I could only count the hours by the visits of my jailors, who, at long intervals, cast me some bread, and placed a little water near me. I scarcely felt their brutality. I saw the insensibility of these mercenary beings, degraded by the baseness of their office: but I pitied them, and lamented their condition more than my own.

Insensibly my mind became perfectly calm. Amelia, Otourou, Ferdinand, Bruno, Honoria, offered themselves in their turn to my thought, and strengthened and consoled my mind. Virtue can, in the extremest adversity, give us pleasure by the remembrance of our friends. We may not see them; may not hear them; we may be separated from them for a time—perhaps for ever: but we feel ourselves worthy of them; and we brave the injustice of mankind.

After some weeks, if misery did not induce an error into my calculations, my jailors came to take me from my dungeon. Little acquainted with the practices of European laws, I had nothing to inform me of my fate. "Whither do they lead me?" said I. "To death, perhaps." Then, behold me ready.

The idea of approaching death entirely occupied my mind. I perceived nothing which passed around me. I knew neither the distance nor the places through which I was led. My thoughts were interrupted only at times, by a numerous guard which pressed upon me.

At length, I lifted up my eyes, and saw myself in a place in which a judge, with a single secretary seemed to expect me. My jailors withdrew. The judge demanded if I was a christian, "Yes:" I answered. "Then raise your hand, and promise to God to speak the truth." "I never speak otherwise; but, as you wish it, I will make the promise."—"Was M. Urban ever known to you?"—"Yes."—"How, and at what time?"

I recounted to him the history of his taking me from my native land. The secretary wrote both the interrogations and the answers.

The judge continued to question me: "Tell me—you have preserved a violent resentment against him?"—"It would be difficult to forget his injurious treatment of me."—"Write, that he has preserved a violent resentment against M. Urban."—"I have not said so. You made me take an oath to speak the truth."—"I did not require your oath, that you would respect it, although justice seemed to exact that." The judge, without noticing my objection, said to the secretary. "preserve the answer, as it was written by you; it came from the first emotions of nature; and consequently, it is the voice of truth." Then addressing himself to me. "Did you not depart, on such a day, at such an hour from the plantation of M. de C——?"—"Yes."—"Whom did you meet on your road?"—"The only person, whom I knew, was Urban."

"Do you know that?"—said he, presenting a cutlass to me. I examined it. "Yes:" I answered, "it is mine. I had not before recollected that I had lost it."—"Write, that he acknowledges the cutlass to be his. And why is it stained with blood?"—"I cannot positively speak of the cause; but to the best of my recollection I must have left it on the spot, where Urban was assassinated."

"M. Urban was assassinated then? How do you know that?"—"I was present."—"Write. And by whom was he assassinated?"—"By two negroes."—



"Do you know them?"—"No."—"Observe how he would impose upon us. Within three leagues of the place, there are no negroes but those of M. de C——'s plantation. If M. Urban was assassinated by negroes, it could only be by these, regard being had to the time and place. And an abode of six months in that plantation must have made them all known to him."—"I do know them all. But the assassination was not committed by any of them. I have spoken the truth."

"Who," resumed the judge, "is he who is called Otourou?"—"He is one of my friends."—"Were you alone, when you met M. Urban?"—"Yes."—"Otourou, then, was not with you?"—"No."—"Observe how he prevaricates. Otourou by his own avowal even, had passed many nights wandering about the habitation. Conducted to that place, he had pointed out the spot where he usually hid himself; particularly the night of the assassination he had passed almost entirely there."—"The circumstance is strange, but the truth is, that he was not with me."—"Once more was he not with you?"—"No, I tell you."

"Know you that?" said the judge, presenting some cotton rags to me, covered with blood: "Yes:" answered I.—"What is it?"—"The remains of an handkerchief, which I tore to bind up the wounds of M. Urban; and which, I imagine, I left on the place."—"Did this handkerchief belong to you?"—"Yes."—"See again, how he would impose upon us. The bandage found on Urban's wound is not of the same stuff with this, but part of a linen neckcloth, which appears to have the property of M. Urban. Beside, the handkerchief which we have shown to him, and which he claims to be his, is not his property; for the mark on it is different from that on his own linen."—"In fact I now recollect my mistake; and I should not have made it, had I been previously informed of the subject of this conversation."—"I believe it: well"—"I really did tear this handkerchief for Urban's wound; but afterwards, recollecting that the cotton would envenom the wound, I removed it; and hence it was that you found it stained with blood. I then untied the neckcloth which Urban wore. It was, indeed, made of linen; and that was the reason which made me prefer it to mine. I cut it into bandages with the cutlafs which you have shown me. My attention altogether occupied, I have unquestionably left both my handkerchief and cutlafs on the spot. This answer I should have made at first, had you questioned me with more connexion; excuse my frankness."

"But what do you say to the mark on the handkerchief?"—"It is true that it is not mine."—"Was Otourou with you?"—"It is the third time that I answer you, no."—"Whose mark is this on the handkerchief? You have said it is yours; yet it is not yours."—"But may I also demand, why you, whom I do not know, press me with such questions? Hitherto politeness has induced me to answer you; but it also appears to me, that discretion should place some bounds to your curiosity."—"The condition, in which you are, this place, my appearance alone, ought to have informed you, that I am your judge."—"Why did you not tell me so, sooner? I should have thanked you for your cares; for, having committed no crime, I have no need of a judge."—"I pardon your ignorance. I have not said that you are criminal; but be persuaded to answer me without prevarication. If you be accused of a crime, your silence cannot save you; on the contrary, it would pass for a confession."—"But, whether I am silent or speak, it should appear to me, that I cannot confess what I have not done."—"Of what moment is your confession, if proofs speak against you?"—"What occasion then was there for the oath which you desired me to take?"—"The law exacts it."—"The law is erroneous, or you interpret it ill. If she requires this oath, it must be undoubtedly to the end that the language

of truth may place the accused in security from the force of proofs, which chance may have combined together. If the law wishes, on the contrary, that the force of circumstantial proofs shall be preferred to the language of the accused, the oath becomes useless; since it is no longer a safeguard for innocence. In every case, this oath becomes a crime, either in the judge or in the accused. You yourself, as a judge, by requiring it, make a tacit avowal, that you believe yourself bound by it. See the contradiction of the law. If, after his oath, the accused imposes on you, and you absolve him, he is culpable of a new crime. If he speaks the truth, and you yield to appearances which condemn him, it is you, whom the oath renders criminal: for you have heard the truth and have disdained it."—"The law does not admit of these subtle distinctions."—"So much the worse. I pity both the guilty and the innocent."

"Are you willing to answer?"—"Yes: for you have received my oath, and I will fulfil it in its full extent."—"Whose mark, then, is this which is on the handkerchief?"—"I will tell you because it is the truth—It is the mark of Otourou!"—"Write. It appears that hitherto he has not told us a word of truth. And, inasmuch as the handkerchief stained with blood was found on the spot where M. Urban had been assassinated; and as, at first he said that it belonged to him, although in truth it belonged to Otourou, it is evidently clear that this Otourou was with him, though this is formally denied by him."—"The consequence seems just; I cannot deny it. Appearance is undoubtedly on the side of your reasoning; and that, which I am now going to tell you, which is however the truth, will certainly pass with you for a romance. This handkerchief makes a part of the dress of our country. It is worn as the girdle round the loins. The rank of my father obliged Otourou and I to have them of a stuff finer than others. Friends from our infancy, every thing which belonged to one served the other. Separated from him in a battle, it happened that we each lost this accoutrement, and each found that of the other. This very article then of which we speak, had belonged to my friend; and thence it was precious to me. When I came into these climates, I had no occasion for it in the usual way, and I made an handkerchief of it, which I commonly wore on my neck. I have others also of the same piece; but upon this alone will be found the mark of Otourou. Nothing less than humanity could induce me to sacrifice it. I own, even then, the sacrifice pained me. Yet I could not refrain from it; and now you know the whole."

"The result of this examination," said the judge, "is, that M. Urban has been assassinated by two negroes, who, according to the declaration of the prisoner, do not belong to the only plantation which is in that neighbourhood; that he has preserved a violent resentment against M. Urban; that he saw the deceased on the spot where he was assassinated; that he has acknowledged the bloody cutlafs, found in the same place, to be his; that the handkerchief, bearing the mark of Otourou, sufficiently proves, notwithstanding the explication which he has given to the circumstance, that it belonged to that negro: that they were together, and that we must conclude, from this concurrent testimony, that it was the prisoner and his comrade Otourou who have murdered M. Urban according to the accusation."

"Oh!" cried I, "what horror! I murdered him! I! who"—My knees ceased to support me. I fell without sense.

They brought me speedy assistance, and I opened my eyes to the light. I was placed on a chair. My jailors surrounded and supported me. A surgeon made me swallow some salts, and he wished me to swallow a liquid which he held in a cup.

"Away! Leave me!" said I. "Vengeance or death! One, I will have!" I thought I perceived some marks of compassion in the countenance of the spec

taters, excepting the judge; who had not changed his place, and who preserved his countenance unmoved.

After some pause, he demanded of the surgeon, if I could speak. "A moment's patience," answered he. The judge waited with composure. The surgeon again pressed me to take the liquor, which he presented. He had still hold of my arm, and observed the beating of the pulse.

In such moments, the ideas of a man vary at each second. "Give me the draught," said I—"I feel that I need courage.—Yet no—it will be believed, that I owe my resolution to this liquor alone. It shall not be said, that a negro had occasion for foreign aids to support his finances." I put the cup from me. The surgeon made a sign to the judge, and retired. The latter sent away my jailors; then spoke to me thus:

"You see of what you are suspected: was it you, who murdered Urban?" "You may, without fear," answered I fiercely, "insult a man who is in fetters." "Answer my question:" said the judge. "Did you murder Urban?"

I know not what was the emotion from which they proceeded, but tears ran down my cheeks. "Alas!" I cried, "I had his life in my hands, and I did not destroy it. Believe the truth: it was not I who slew him. Oh, my God! my God! at present thou dost judge him. Thou seest the unceasing miseries which he has caused me.—Ah grant him thy mercy!—though men should refuse me justice!"

An involuntary emotion betrayed the judge. I saw his eyes close, and I believed it was with grief. "Ah!" said I, dragging myself to his feet, "I should blush to embrace the knees of an unfeeling man; but you are not that man: I see it. Condemn me, if your law compels you to do so: but tell me—do tell me, that you do not believe Itanoko culpable. I do not know you: but you are a man; and I have need of your esteem.

His tenderness had passed away as a hasty shower; and again his muscles became inflexible. He repulsed me gently with his hand. "Ah!" I cried: "I have been raised in the bosom of nature: you cannot deceive me: you suffer more than I."

He said coldly to me: "are you ready to sign?"—"What?"—"This examination."—"I know not what may follow, but I consent. I have spoken the truth." My jailors entered. "You know my orders," said he to them: "conduct him away."

I went along with them, without knowing whither they led me; but, such is the privilege of innocence, my heart was now without inquietude. I was indifferent as to the issue. When we had proceeded through various apartments, we arrived at a place in which they took off my irons. I saw this, without surprise or pleasure. It seemed, that all my feelings were reserved for a scene to which I was hastening.

Extremely weakened, they carried me, rather than that I walked, towards the door of an apartment. I entered: what did I see! Never can I think of it without tears! I beheld Ferdinand! Honoria! Bruno! We all stood, as if enchained by various passions. "Where am I?" cried I: "where am I?—Ah, I have not seen all! Otourou also!" I shrieked. I threw my arms round his neck. I sobbed on his bosom. "Pardon me," said I to my friends: "but it is for me that he has suffered. My first caresses are indeed due to him."

Our friends surrounded us. I felt them.—"Oh forbear!—I cannot—cease, cease—my head—my heart fails me—alas!"—

I sunk on the floor. I recovered but to rave. "Where is Urban? Let him come. I wish to see him. Alas! I have done nothing to you, Urban. These are your children: they love me: why do you hate me?"

They give me air.—"Ah! I recollect: but where—I—what then has happened? Where am I?"—"In the arms of Ferdinand. Do you not know me

then?"—"It is my Ferdinand. I saved your life, but you were worthy of it: I saved your father's life, your father! your father! whom I have murdered!"

"Ah, for pity, cease to wound us," cried Honoria—"But, Ferdinand, did you say that I murdered him?"—"Recal your senses," said Honoria: "these are your friends. You see them. Do you not know them? Let me conjure you, be careful of yourself—if not for your friends, yet for Amelia."

"Amelia! ah, may she be happy!"—"She cannot be so without you."—"Ah, my son! my dear son!" said Bruno, folding me in his arms: "will you do nothing for us!"

"Oh, my friends!" I cried: "is it true, that this is no dream? I thought myself yet in the frightful dungeon, in hideous darkness. Alas, every day I saw you there—approach me all—all—all. Let me embrace you. Let me assure myself—are you there, Otourou? You pardon me our friendship, do you not?" "Ah!" cried Otourou, "shall I pardon you that which is the happiness, the charm of my life?"

Such was the delirium into which this unexpected scene had hurried me. It was dissipated but slowly. The caresses, the tender cares, the tears of my friends did but serve to feed it. Ah! annihilation of reason! Delightful and cruel condition! At once the spring of piercing delights and of agonising pains!

Let our situation be imagined. An innocent man, in the depth of misery, surrounded by friends, who had each of them blindly laboured to widen, to sink deeper the gulph into which he was plunged: who had all beheld the injustice which dragged him to the precipice, and had no arm to snatch him from the brink. My sight was a wounding reproach to them: yet had they strength of mind to support it. What say I? It was become more precious to them—their only comfort.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE ECONOMIST.

**A** PRUDENT man is as saving of his time as of his substance. For as it is by the use of time that substance is acquired, he, "who is slothful in his work, is no better than he who is a great waster." Sedulus, who is a frugal and industrious man, once observed to me, that "There is much more need of economy in the application of our time, than of our money; for our money we may keep by us, if we will, and dispose of it when we think best: but our time is always passing, whether we will or no: and if we use it not when it is going, we lose it forever. Human life," says he, "is acknowledged to be short: and the active, useful part of life is much shorter than men generally seem to think; for you are to deduct several years of infancy and childhood, and as many more spent in education for business; and then, towards the close of life, several years are rendered useless by the infirmities of age. In the more active and vigorous part of life, there are weeks and months of sickness; there are interruptions by giving and receiving visits—by rectifying our own mistakes, and repairing unavoidable damages: and near half the remainder is spent in sleep, refreshment and rest. Now, after all these deductions, how little have we left, for the improvement either of our minds or our fortunes? When I consider that I have a family to maintain, and children to educate and settle in the world—that I must make some provision for sickness and old age—that the sick, the poor, and helpless, have their demands upon me—and, besides all this, that there is a future state, for which I must make my own, and aid my children's preparation—I am fully convinced, that no time ought to be lost. I allow myself," adds he, "only so much time in bed, as, by experience, I have found, will best fit me for the business of life. I take time for



devotional exercises, whatever may be the calls of my secular business: and I never deny my labouring people a reasonable opportunity for meditation and retirement; for nothing is gained by intemperate haste: and the world will never grow rich by robbing religion. I aim to keep my affairs in such a state, that I always know what to do, and may lose no time in passing from one thing to another. If business crowds, I then use no spirits at all; and but little at any time; for while I labour by my natural strength, I know how much I can do, and when I ought to stop. I had rather leave a little work undone to-day, than exceed my strength in accomplishing it; for what is left to day may be finished to-morrow: but if I injure my health, it may require weeks to repair it. I have often observed," says he, "that men, who boast of extraordinary feats of labour, are usually poor; for the excessive labour of one day occasions the loss of several. It is a matter of principal importance to do every thing in season. A day *then* is worth a week *at another time*. I love to converse with my friends: but I never visit them, nor with them to visit me, in the more busy seasons, when the mind cannot be at liberty. Mere ceremony never ought to take place of necessary duty. I so plan my business, that every one in my family may find employment the year round. The school finds business for the younger members: and the knowledge acquired there, is afterwards improved by a proper use of the seasons of leisure and recess. I take the newspapers, which always contain something instructive, and give some useful information. They are a cheap and easy vehicle of knowledge: and I am always glad, when I find in them some pieces of moral instruction, adapted to the taste and capacity of youth. I keep a number of books on various subjects, among which divinity has a principal place. And I often purchase a new book, because a love of novelty is natural to the young: and, by gratifying this passion, I keep alive their taste for reading. Winter evenings, and rainy days in summer, are as profitable to my family, as any part of the year. They are then employed in cultivating their minds, and improving their knowledge. If I have a hired man, who seeks every opportunity to run to a tavern, and to mix with gamblers, I attempt to reclaim him: if I find him irreclaimable, I soon dismiss him, lest his example should corrupt my household. I never retain in my service a man, who will not submit to order. I sometimes sit down among my children and domestics, and enter into familiar discourse with them, on some subject that may be useful. I encourage them to propose questions, by my forwardness to answer them. I endeavour to give them a turn for conversation, and to direct it into some profitable channel. In such ways I fill up my own time, and teach them to fill up theirs."

I was much pleased with the plan of Sedulus, and went home with a resolution to adopt it.

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#### THOUGHTS ON INDIAN TREATIES.

**I**T seems to me, that the principle on which treaties are held with the Indians might be altered a little for the better. I mean only in one particular instance, viz. that instead of carrying goods to make presents to them, they should be obliged to bring furs to make presents to us. I illustrate the matter in this way. If you examine an Indian, you will find that he lives a dog's life, lazy and hungry; never goes to hunt when he can help it; and, if he can get blankets by stealing, will prefer it much to getting them by purchase. A war is a profitable plan for him, when the things that our housewives and weavers have made in peace, come to his hands without much trouble. But a treaty is best of all, and crowns the matter; for there he gets rum, and covering for his breech, just for the word "*brother*." If a treaty can be brought about at any

time by a little war, preceding it—is an Indian such a fool as not to go to war, within a little time after the treaty, that he may treat again? *This war begets treaties, and treaties beget war.*

Suppose, then, we make war, a little longer, and persevere with the Indians till they become very anxious for a peace. Then consent, but with great seeming difficulty, to hold a treaty; but give them to understand, that as we care nothing about a treaty, and they do, it becomes them to give us something, that we may think worth while to attend to it: that we will expect from them at least one year's hunt in peltry and fur.

This would keep them busy before the treaty, and take them off from war; and when the treaty was come, and the bundles thrown down from the back of each Indian, they would regret those depredations which had incurred this penalty. But on the contrary, as the case is at present, what Indian, on receiving his strouds and ruin, does not say with his comrade, "it is good for us that we went to war?"

What security is there for preserving a treaty when made, but impressing it on the minds of each individual Indian, that he must suffer for the violation, by being obliged to apply himself to severe hunting in order to collect peltry for a treaty? The social state of the Indians is removed but little from a state of nature, where every man does what is right in his own eyes. How then can we expect from the whole body, what depends upon the parts? There is no government; there is what is called an influence; and this is all the hold we have upon them, for the stipulations of a treaty.

I return a little to my first thought, and observe, that the giving goods to Indians at a treaty, is, as it were, enticing them to war against us. If you give pigs corn, will they not come back to receive more? Let me therefore press the point I have in view, which is to reverse the policy of treating, and to continue war, until peace is considered as a great blessing by these people, and it is made very dear to them to get it. It will then be more valued, and better preserved by them.

Pittsburg, July 1791.

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#### ON SENSIBILITY, OR FEELING, AS OPPOSED TO PRINCIPLE.

THAT it is the interest of every individual to contribute, as far as his influence may extend, to the general good, will appear an undeniable position, when we consider that his own happiness is indissolubly connected with the happiness of the whole. The preservation and security, of every man, arise from a coalition of interests, and depend on mutual exertion. If then, a reciprocation of good offices be necessary to the well-being of society, it is natural to infer, that a disposition to do good, must, in some degree, be common to all men.

To this end, therefore, a certain portion of benevolence hath been implanted in every breast; for in the performance of social duties, our reason perhaps might exert too cold an influence. But all do not possess the benevolent and tender affections, in an equal degree. One man has finer feelings than another, and is more easily disposed to rejoice with the happy, or mourn with the afflicted. As this disposition, very naturally, conciliates regard, we view those who possess it with the most favourable prepossessions, and often esteem them in proportion. Sensibility has charms of a captivating nature. The very idea of it awakens the softer passions; and the *man of feeling* is an interesting character.

But are we not indulging a pleasing delusion? We ought always to suspect the truth of the opinions we form, while we find ourselves influenced by the impressions of prejudice or passion. The feeling, open-hearted man has been often contrasted with the sly dissembler, with the sanctimonious hypocrite: and a decision, in favour of the former, has always been the consequence.

But, let us now oppose him to the *man of principle*: we shall then see the former will be actuated by passion, the latter by reason. The conduct of the one will appear wild and impetuous; of the other, cool and deliberate. In the one instance, it will be eccentric, and often extravagant; in the other, steady and proportioned to the end. The man of principle will act from a uniform plan, but the man of feeling from the impulse of the moment.

Phronimus was a man of reserved disposition; and, from a settled habit of thinking much, and saying little, his countenance had contradicted the appearance of moroseness: yet he was happy in a serenity of temper, and behaved with ease and affability to all with whom he conversed. By the frequent exertions of his judgment, he had acquired an almost infallible certainty in his decisions: yet he never afforded his advice without diffidence, though all his acquaintance conferred on him the flattering distinction of asking it, on every important occasion.

But this was not all: to strengthen his reason and regulate his conduct, he had called in the aid of religion. Whatever he did, was done with a view of pleasing the Deity. He judged of all men with candour, and seemed hurt at every insinuation that might injure the character of another. Notwithstanding this, he possessed but a small degree of feeling; and yet he practised that first of christian duties, *charity*, in its fullest extent. He seldom dropt a tear at the sufferings of others; but often threw himself in the way of the unfortunate, with a view of offering them consolation. He visited the solitary abodes of want and sickness, and "made the widow's heart to sing for joy." In short, he was a *man of principle*.

Benevolus was formed of a very different texture: his passions were impetuous—his sensibility was exquisite. Possessed of affluence, he distributed his bounty with an ardour that might be termed the spirit of enthusiasm, and a profusion that might be called the madness of extravagance.

The exertions of his judgment were feeble; for the judgment is a faculty that is always weakened by the heat of the inordinate affections. He was elated beyond measure, at any circumstance of good fortune, and depressed to the lowest degree of dejection, at the disappointment of his hopes, or the miscarriage of his most trivial pursuits. If he beheld an unhappy object, he sincerely pitied its distress, and hastened to its relief. But from possessing so little discernment, he was often deceived by the artifice of impostors. Thus, while his heart melted at the tale of fictitious calamity, he frequently lavished his wealth on the most undeserving and infamous of mankind.

With all his refined feelings, he had, however, very little sense of religion. He seldom looked up with gratitude to the Great Author of all things, from whom cometh every good and perfect gift. Fond of convivial scenes, he indulged with his friends in the frequent debauch; and, to the disgrace of a reasonable being, suffered himself to be hurried by passion into all the excesses of sensual gratification. However, (as the world phrases it) he had a *good heart*, and was generally esteemed (the most amiable of all characters) a *man of feeling*.

In this age of sentiment, such characters as this of Benevolus are objects of popular eclat, and caressed with admiration. In the rising estimation of superficial minds, the weakness of a tender heart supplies the want of religion, and appears more lovely than all the virtues. And hence arise those vain pretenders, who impose on the *sensitivalist* by an affectation of sensibility. Perfectly experienced in all the obsequies of simulation, they can assume the soft emotion, and drop the tear of fictitious tenderness, at the miseries of a fellow creature, for whom they feel no real compassion; and having charmed the unwary with ideas of their superior benevolence, can cover, perhaps, the baits of intrigue under the semblance of virtue.

Observation will also evince, that a man of real feeling can most easily and

frequently initiate himself in all the mysteries of intrigue, and prove himself by no means inadequate to the gentle gallantries of *fashionable* friendship. "Tremblingly alive all over, he sighs his passion at the feet of his fair one, while his eye glistens with love, in all the expressive eloquence of silent sensibility. And (dear, congenial souls!) his fair one catches the soft contagion, and blushes at a language her heart acknowledges and approves! But, fluttering at the consciousness of guilty feelings, she tells him, in broken accents, that *she pities him*—and flies from his presence. He exults with an unholy joy, at the favourable symptoms; for at least, he knows that "Pity is akin to love." He repeats his visits with increasing assiduity and ardour, till her gentle nature yields—for the fancies his sensibility is virtue!

But alas! she soon awakes from this delirium of the senses: the dreams of fancy vanish, and in vain she solicits the delusion! She is lost—irrecoverably lost! and perhaps a whole virtuous family involved in the dreadful catastrophe!

This is the work of an *unprincipled man of feeling*, whose nerves with peculiar irritability, can tremble every hour at the touch of joy or woe; whose finely-fibred heart would thrill perhaps with horror at the sufferings of—a fly. Nevertheless many a fair advocate will plead for him; and is not female eloquence irresistible? Are we not in love with sensibility when we behold in *her* the attachments of endearing friendship, transports of overwhelming joy, and the sympathies of romantic affliction? While she bends, dissolved in tenderness, over the "bosom-soothing page," must we not venerate the works of a Sterne, though blended with trash and obscenity?—Must we not applaud the gentle, yielding, angelic Eliza\*, while, far above the scenes of common life, she soars amid the regions of sentiment, and despises the vulgar notions of conjugal affection?

Such, alas! is the weakness of the human heart and the seduction of the senses, that, in perusing the writings of many modern *sentimentalists*, we thus catch the contagion of romance, and feel ourselves affected by passions, which, if too much indulged, will enervate all the noblest powers of the mind, and lead us insensibly to the vicinage of destruction.

Bias'd by these false prepossessions, we too easily excuse the most unpardonable excesses in an author, whose abilities and productions we admire. We can overlook (for instance) the shameful indolence and dissipation of a Collins, and even anticipate the plausible apologies of his elegant biographer. We think there is a *merit* in being possessed of *feeling*, and seem pleased with that extravagance and inconsistency its sudden impulses so frequently produce. We love the contrast of a generous open-hearted man, with the sly designing hypocrite.

Hence the productions of Fielding, and the rest of our best novel writers, if they have not injured the cause of virtue, have never contributed to its support or advancement. The character of Charles, in the *School for Scandal*, serves only to impress the heart with false ideas of things, while it exhibits to us a picture of vice in pleasing colours. But lest it should be said, that argument has been superseded by public declamation, let me for a moment coolly consider the subject, as I draw near to its conclusion. It will, perhaps, be found on examination, that we cannot reasonably ascribe the least merit to a man of feeling, when we view him merely as such, and exclusively of all other parts of his character.

With regard to the qualifications we have acquired by our own exertions or industry, our conduct may deserve praise; but we cannot, in justice, be either blamed or commended for any thing we may possess, without our own efforts or consent. Now *sensibility* (or *feeling*) cannot be acquired by any exertion of

## NOTE.

\* Of Rousseau.



our own ; it is a gift of nature. The seeds of it are sown in our hearts, without any co-operation of our's : and therefore, we can claim no more merit in consequence of possessing it, than in that of beauty or wit, or any other attribute of the body or mind.

If then, there be no merit in possessing sensibility itself, we cannot ascribe any to those acts which flow from it. To relieve a distressed object, in consequence of the suggestions of a benevolent heart (abstractedly from every other motive) cannot be considered as meritorious. The scene, that excited our warmest pity, may be passed by with cold disregard by another, whose heart is less compassionate : yet no fault is to be imputed to him, because nature has not made him equally feeling with ourselves. Nevertheless, he should have known that charity is one of the first and most essential duties of the christian religion : and this *principle* should have prompted him to heal the wounds of the afflicted, to soften their sorrows, and to succour the wretch that struggles with adversity. To do good, from temper or inclination merely, is not charity. The world, indeed, may profit by our generosity, but we shall not profit ourselves. These benevolent propensities are so fluctuating in their nature, so various in their tendency, that, while unrefined and undirected by religion, they will often seduce us into the mazes of error and vice, when we fondly deem ourselves secure in the ways of virtue.

But virtue consisteth in the subjection of the mind to known duties ; and charity is a steady, uniform principle, unconnected with passion, and founded on reason and on truth.

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## P O L I T I C A L S K E T C H .

*Ascribed to the editor of the United States Gazette.*

**W**HAT a truly pleasing prospect does our country exhibit at the present moment ! That confidence, which the general government has inspired, has given new energy to the human mind.

Recent accounts from the state of Georgia, are favourable—peace reigns in her borders—the savages are quiet—and the population, commerce, and wealth of the state, are hourly encreasing.

The happy revolution and present posture of affairs in the important state of South Carolina, must impress with real pleasure every bosom susceptible of the benevolent feelings. What a glorious reverse of circumstances has taken place ! May South Carolina always know, and pursue the things that belong to her peace—domestic, internal tranquillity must accelerate her progress in solid wealth and consequence. In North Carolina, the voice of complaint is not heard : and if any disagreeable apprehensions have been entertained, respecting some recent acts of congress, as light and information extend, they appear to be subsiding and dying away. A gentleman, acquainted with the affairs of that state, informed the writer of this article, that the patriotic exertions and representations of the first characters there, had been attended with the most salutary effects, in removing prejudices, and diffusing just and liberal sentiments respecting the general government, particularly among the people in the interior parts of the state. The proceedings of all their social circles, on the late anniversary of independence, evince the federal disposition of North Carolina.

Virginia, the ancient, is also tranquil and happy—the heavens have shed their benign influences on the labours of the husbandman—her fields have brought forth abundance—and she will more and more realize the advantages of her policy in converting her tobacco fields into wheat fields. None of the many disagreeable anticipations appear to be realized—from a happy confidence in the

wisdom of her elected civil fathers, a spirit of candour and calm investigation, we may always expect, will distinguish the councils of this great and respectable member of the union. The great business of preparing the seat of the general government, and of giving effectual protection to the frontiers, now engage her attention. The late brilliant stroke of the Kentuckians, establishes the spirited, patriotic, and enterprising character of the inhabitants of that young, but rising state.

Many recent transactions serve to develop the genuine character of the people of Maryland. Their liberal, tolerant principles have long been known and celebrated: their commercial importance is daily more and more apparent: the independent and generous plan of their new institution, the state bank, must be productive of solid commercial advantages, facilitate their negotiations, and give a spring to their manufactures and agriculture. The population of this state has advanced with rapid strides, which, added to many other favourable circumstances, to her federal and republican attachments, must continue to advance her prosperity and importance.

Pennsylvania, from her situation, may be considered as the lap of Columbia, in which the treasures of agriculture and commerce are poured with a liberal hand. While she is exploring her interior resources and advantages, the nations of Europe, particularly the Irish, are sending forth their hardy sons by thousands to increase her strength and population. It is hardly necessary to advert to the numberless benefits derived from her being the natural centre of the union, and the present seat of the general government: there can be no doubt of her availing herself of these circumstances, to enhance her wealth, and by the spirit and enterprise of her discerning citizens, to place her affairs in such a situation, that, whenever the seat of the general government shall be removed, she may, by the force of her own internal principles, be impelled forward in every political, commercial, and agricultural improvement.

The benign influences of the general government, are strikingly apparent in the patriotic state of New Jersey: the limits prescribed on this occasion will not admit of descending to particulars: sufficient, for the purpose of enforcing the truth of the observation, is it to mention that general tranquillity of the state which has been produced by the equalizing operation of the laws of the union. When New Jersey lost her excellent Livingston, she repaired the breach by her Patterson—a gentleman whose election was equally honourable to himself and to his electors: may the future elections of our country be conducted with equal unanimity, moderation, and wisdom. The evil-eyed demon of jealousy does not appear to have influenced on this occasion—and the merit of an upright, federal legislator did not prove a disqualification to serve the state in the highest of its offices. New Jersey, as the connecting link between Philadelphia and New York, with a laudable spirit of enterprise, is now engaged in plans to facilitate the communication from each to the other—and such is the ardour with which these plans are prosecuted, that in a period not very remote, we may expect to see her enjoying immense advantages, as the rewards of her exertions, from her bridges and improved roads; while the general benefits, derived to the community at large, will excite surprise, and enkindle a laudable emulation in her neighbours.

In adverting to the situation of affairs in the state of New York, a cluster of ideas rush on the mind. Though placed in the focus of the late war, the intrepidity and patriotism of the whigs of that state, rose superior to an opposition, formidable both on account of internal and external enemies. How astonishingly has she emerged from the effects of war and desolation. Her circumstances, as a government, are the wonder and admiration of her sister states, and of the world! And if she be just to herself, and repose a decent and manly

confidence in the wisdom and advice of her best informed citizens, her abundant resources will be applied to plans of such public utility, as will be productive of advantages that cannot be calculated. But, on the other hand, should a contracted, heavy policy prevail, which shrinks from an immediate expense, that will be almost infinitely reimbursed, the wings of her fame and prosperity will be clipped, and still keep her in the rear of her enterprising rival, the state of Pennsylvania.\*

The natural advantages of New-York are so great, that a comparatively small expense to improve them, would place them in a most eligible situation: Her recent accession of territory, and increase of population, while they extend the sphere of her trade and commerce, enhance her importance greatly in the political scale of the union.

The state of Connecticut exhibits, perhaps, the most perfect model of a republican government, of any community that can be mentioned—and that is, probably, the case more from precedent and usage, than any other circumstances. In the late revolution, she bore a conspicuous part—and, in proportion to her population, furnished, perhaps, the greatest number of distinguished officers of any state in the union—while her troops were of the best and bravest veterans in the armies of the continent.

Her literary character is second to none in the states: and for uniting the useful with the pleasing, in fugitive speculations, she takes the lead, and sets an example to all the rest. These speculations are republished through the union, and received with universal approbation. An incredible number of newspapers is printed and circulated through this state: they are read by all the citizens—they understand, and are tenacious of their rights, because they are enlightened—and they are enlightened, because the rays of learning illumine every part of their country—the means are accessible to all without distinction. Connecticut is making great progress in commerce, agriculture, and the useful arts—and is continually strengthening her claim to that celebrity, which she has acquired as a manufacturing state.

It is within the recollection of every person, how generally the conduct of the state of Rhode-Island was reprobated, for the inveterate opposition which she made to the five per cent. impost, proposed by the congress, under the old confederation. Similar principles induced that state to recede for a time from an adoption of the new constitution. The imperfection of human wisdom and foresight was perhaps never more strikingly exemplified than on this occasion—what was denominated obstinacy, in respect to the five per cent. proved, perhaps, the salvation of our liberties.

Had the congress of the old confederation been invested with general powers to raise a revenue, the people of the united states, and their posterity, would have been under the government of an uncontrolled elective autocracy—a single assembly, without any check but the remote, discordant voices of thirteen distinct, independent sovereignties. Instead of which, through the favour of providence, we are now blessed with a free, just, and equal government, founded on a constitution that will stand the test of ages—a constitution possessing in itself a progressing principle of perfection, wisely providing for such amendments as a more refined state of society, and the greater security of civil liberty shall dictate to be necessary. Jealousy, which is always laudable when

#### NOTE.

\* While the state of Pennsylvania has appropriated upwards of 25,000l. currency, for the laudable purpose of promoting the intercourse and navigation in the interior part of the state—the legislature of New York, it is said, has appropriated only 1000 pounds for a similar purpose.

controled by reason, prevented the people of Rhode-Island from feeling the force of argument in favour of the new constitution, for a time : but difficulties of various descriptions rapidly increased upon them in an alien state : these, in conjunction with the indefatigable exertions to diffuse federal principles and information on the part of the friends to their peace and credit, at length effected a revolution of sentiment. The ratification of the constitution followed ; on that joyous event, party became extinct—public affairs assumed a new face—and every impending cloud began to dissipate. The state appears now to be tranquil and happy—her trade increasing, and a spirit of enterprise in various branches is displayed.

Some recent transactions, in regard to education, indicate a just sense of the importance of learning to the securing and perpetuating freedom ; while, at the same time, the distinguished benevolence of the more wealthy part of the citizens, in patronizing institutions, that will prove a perpetual tax upon their estates, merits the highest eulogium. May knowledge and freedom ever be the characteristics of this small, but spirited and independent member of the union. The decided and prompt sentiments of attachment to the general government, which distinguish the political publications of this state, from time to time, must have been recognized by, and given pleasure to, every friend to our country.

Among the numerous advantages consequent on the re-union of these confederated states under the new constitution, we may justly reckon the almost total extinction of local prejudices, and contracted state policy ; for although some persons are yet haunted with the frightful idea of such an inveterate incompatibility of interests, as will eventually disturb, if not dissolve the union ; yet, advertng to facts, we find that there is no reason to suppose that a spirit of illiberal jealousy will ever disgrace our councils, or disturb the peace of our country.

The state of Vermont had for several years been an independent republic, previous to the late recognition of the fact on the part of the general government. Several propositions had, from time to time, been submitted to the old congress, respecting her being acknowledged as an integral branch of the union : but all these applications proved ineffectual. There were so many private views to contravene the wishes of the Vermontese, that it was very problematical whether they would have been ever cordially conceded to under the old confederation. But their prospects became bright at the moment of ratifying the new constitution : and a fair discussion of the merits of the subject, aided by the universal reprobation of local policy, caused every obstacle to vanish. Vermont is now a constituent member of the confederacy : and there can be no doubt of her proving a valuable link in the federal chain. Since that happy event, the most cursory observers must have seen the pleasing effects resulting from her new situation—her views are expanded—various objects, of great importance to her interest, arrest the attention of her citizens—her agriculture, arts, and manufactures, have imbibed an invigorating principle—and the great business of education is duly appreciated by the people. These subjects appear to be sanctified on with new spirit by the writers in their weekly gazette—a paper that disseminates republican, federal sentiments. Vermont is, and will be, chiefly inhabited by a hardy race of freemen, and independent owners and tillers of the soil—among which she has her proportion of men of genius, science, and professional abilities.

The state of Delaware, though small, is not an unimportant branch of the general confederacy of the united states. She distinguished herself by an early adoption of the new constitution, that equalizing system, which, in one great and essential point, effected at once for every part of the union, what the sovereignty of none of the particular states could do for itself—and that was, to rescue the small governments from the impositions of the large.—This commu-



nity of freemen has it in contemplation to revise and amend its constitution of government: may its decisions be founded on wisdom, and their effects more than realize its most sanguine expectations! Delaware partook largely in the devastations of the late war, and enjoys her proportion in the honours of a spirited resistance to tyranny—Time has smoothed the furrows occasioned by its devastations, and more than restored her agriculture to its former state of respectability.—Her population is increased, and the additions constantly making by emigrations, must add to her wealth and individual importance in the union.

The commonwealth of Massachusetts has passed through such an important change, since the constitution of the united states went into operation, as amounts almost, in fashionable phrase, to a political regeneration. Previous to that event, her immense debt induced such severe taxation, as enervated the hand of industry, discouraged commercial enterprise, and diffused an universal gloom over the face of society. The measures adopted by the general government have had a most salutary influence on the affairs of our country at large; but their visible effects have been strikingly conspicuous in Massachusetts. That just and equal provision of the funding system, by which the united states assumed payment of the state debts, was at once wise and popular; it relieved that state from a burden, which an honourable enthusiasm in the best of causes had brought upon her, and at the same time justified the expectations which her citizens had always reposed in the faith and honour of the union. In consequence of this, Massachusetts has relinquished the excise, and in other respects conformed her legislative acts to the laws of the united states, in such manner as to give the happiest facility to their operation. Murmurs and discontents are no more: and under a wise, firm, and steady administration, she is making rapid progress in diminishing her debts, increasing her resources, and promoting the general happiness of her citizens.

The manufactures of this state have been prodigiously extended since the peace: and her articles of export have greatly increased. The citizens have enlarged and improved their plans of public education, and, to their infinite honour, have opened the doors of learning to the female mind, upon terms of justice and equality. The laws of the united states have in no instance excited cabals, remonstrances, or resolutions.

The securities of the united states are greatly diffused among the citizens of Massachusetts. The subscriptions to the funding system have been general, and amount to a very large number of individuals\*; the new revenue law, or excise, is carried into prompt execution; for in this state, as well as in all the others, the most respectable characters are appointed, and have almost universally accepted, as supervisors and inspectors. The population of this state, notwithstanding the migrations have been very great, amounts to almost half a million, and all free:—in the census lately taken by the marshal of the district, against the word *slaves* is written, NONE.

New-Hampshire is nearly arrived to the important period when her constitution is to be revised: and from the happy experience the states have acquired, in transacting business in public assemblies, the happiest presages may be entertained of a favourable issue to the deliberations of their convention. The citizens of this state, in their habits, manners, and sentiments, resemble their neighbours of Massachusetts; but, living in a less compact situation, their intercourse with each other is not so rapid, and intimate; and their information, in the interior parts of the government, is consequently more imperfect.—This state has

#### NOTE.

\* The last of March, the subscriptions in this state amounted to 3,534,731 <sup>9</sup>/<sub>10</sub> dollars.

recently taken measures to facilitate a more general circulation of intelligence, by establishing posts: the sessions of their legislature have lately been held in an inland town—in which a public paper is established, and which is supported with spirit and genius.—These circumstances combined, will conduce to disseminate full information among the people. One article in the funding system appears to have excited some disapprobation on the part of New-Hampshire—the assumption: but to this she will be reconciled on general principles, especially when it is considered, that a final liquidation must do justice to all parts of the union. This state distinguished itself greatly during the war: her yeomanry are among the hardiest sons of Columbia: she furnished her proportion for the cabinet and field, of able statesmen and legislators, and intrepid and distinguished officers. At the moment of the re-union of the states, among her citizens were found the most decided friends to freedom and government, through whose exertions the ratification of the constitution was effected.—This state, in common with her neighbours, is progressing in population, agriculture, and commerce.

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*The unreasonableness of treating men with contempt.—By the rev. Joseph Lathrop, of Springfield, Massachusetts.*

A GREAT part of the pleasure of life results from society. The pleasure of society depends much more on a courteous, obliging behaviour, than on any vast and remarkable benefits; for the latter are seldom expected, because the occasions are rare, and the persons, capable of them, are few; but the former is in every one's power, and may take place daily at every transient interview. This indicates an habitual benevolence of temper; the others usually proceed from the violent impulse of compassion, awakened by some sudden and great calamity. If you treat your neighbour with lefity and scornful airs—if you take pleasure in afflicting him with little, wanton mischiefs to his person or property—if you let him pass you unnoticed, or speak to you unheard—or flatly contradict whatever he says—if you ridicule his poverty or infirmity—make him your diversion in company—and mark him out, as the butt of your jest and laughter—you mortify him ten times more, than by solid and substantial injuries; because, by the former, you discover a contempt of him, as a person unworthy of your regard: the latter only indicate your own immoderate selfishness. Against gross injuries he may provide defence, or obtain redress; but against the other he has no remedy.

No man, considered simply as a man, can be a just object of contempt. He, that was not too mean a creature for God to make and preserve, is not mean enough for us to despise. Man, considered as a being endowed with reason and intellect, by the inspiration of the Almighty, and designed for immortality, is to be regarded with real esteem—with a sort of veneration. Considered as a religious being, conformed to the character, and sharing in the peculiar favour of his Creator, he is to be honoured, as one of the excellent of the earth. Viewed in circumstances of adversity, in sickness, poverty, bodily deformity, or mental weakness, he is entitled to our compassion.

Nothing makes one really despicable, but that, which implies some fault—some contrariety to the design of his creation. Vice is a perversion of the original design of our nature, and therefore renders one vile and contemptible. But contempt, even of a vicious man, should never exceed the viciousness of his character; it should rather be directed against the vice, than the person.

As open vice, so also an affectation of appearing what we are not, a fondness of distinguishing ourselves by trifles, renders us contemptible. He, that prides himself in a fantastic soppery of dress—he, that assumes odd and singular airs in his behaviour—he, that, in common discourse, labours for a sublimity of

style, which his education will not enable him to reach or understand—he, that affects a peculiar kind of pronunciation scarcely intelligible, that he may seem to talk prettily—sceldom fails to bring on himself the contempt of others; not so much because his affectation is really vicious, as because it betrays a trifling vanity of mind, inconsistent with that manly dignity, which commands respect.

Ridicule may often be more effectual, than severe and grave reproof, to put vice and folly out of countenance: and for this purpose, it is laudably employed. But that contemptuous treatment of others, which only wounds their feelings, without a tendency to correct their sentiments or manners—which cramps their powers, without directing their conduct—is perfectly base and inhuman. It discovers a wanton cruelty of disposition, and intolerable pride of heart, an unpardonable ignorance of one's self.

The distinctions, which take place among men, and are the ground of one's boasted superiority to another, are but trifling, compared with the grand points, in which they are alike. They are all creatures formed by the same hand, from the same materials, for the same purposes; all dependent, accountable, and mortal. A few days ago, we had not an existence; in a few days more, we shall be forgotten: these bodies will lie undistinguished, in the common mass of senseless matter; and the mind will take its flight to an unknown world, to exist in a new manner, divested of every circumstance of worldly distinction.

If we have advantages, which others have not, we are proportionably more indebted. We despise our neighbour; but perhaps he has filled his narrower circle, better than we. The man, who bears poverty and adversity, with cheerful contentment—who promotes the happiness of those around him, according to his ability—and serves his Creator, in humble hopes of a future recompense—such a man, in the lowest condition of life, is far more worthy and excellent, than the richest and proudest of the human race, who confines his views within himself, and shuts his hands against the calls of poverty. The poor widow, with her two mites, stands higher in the esteem of heaven and earth, than the rich nobleman, who suffered a beggar to starve at his gate.

Let us raise our thoughts to that immense Being, whose presence, power and goodness, sustain all worlds; and these little differences between worm and worm, on which pride is built, will instantly disappear. There is a small difference, between a candle and a glow-worm; but hold them both to the sun, and both are extinguished.

Let us learn to think greatly of God, justly of men, wisely of virtue, humbly of ourselves; and we shall treat no man with scorn and derision: we shall think nothing contemptible, but vice, and that will appear most contemptible, when we find it in ourselves.

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### T H E P R O M P T E R.

When a man is going down hill, every one gives him a kick.

**T**HIS, it is said, is very *natural*; that is, it is very *common*. There are two reasons for this—First, it is much easier to kick a man *down hill*, than to push him *up hill*—Second, men love to see every body at the bottom of the hill, but themselves.

Different men have different ways of climbing into ranks and office. Some bold fellows take a run and mount at two or three strides. Others of *less vigour, use more art*; they creep slyly along upon their bellies, catching hold of the cliffs and twigs, to pull themselves up; sometimes they meet a high rock, and are obliged to crawl round it; at other times they catch hold of a prominent cliff or a little twig, which gives way, and back they tumble, scratching their

clothes and sometimes their skin. However it is, very few will lift their neighbours, unless to get a lift themselves. Yet sometimes one of these crawlers will lend a hand to their neighbouring crawlers: affect to pull hard to raise them all a little; then getting upon their shoulders, give a leap to an eminence, and leave them all in the lurch, or kick them over. The moment one begins to tumble, every one who is near, hits him a kick.

But no people get so many kicks as poor debtors in failing circumstances. While a man is doing very well, that is, when his credit is good, every one helps him: the moment he is pressed for money, however honest and able he may be, he gets kicks from all quarters. His friends and his reputation desert him with the loss of his purse; and he soon tumbles to the bottom of the hill.

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## CURIOUS INVENTION,

*Useful to sportsmen who are naturalists.*

**I**T will hardly be believed, says M. de Vaillant, that I invented a method of procuring animals alive with my gun, more entire, and in much better condition than those I caught in my snares. It was in this manner, however, that I procured the smallest and most delicate birds.

I put a smaller or larger quantity of powder in my fusée, as circumstances might require. Immediately above the powder I placed the end of a candle about an inch in thickness, rammed it well down; after which I filled the barrel with water up to the mouth.

By these means when I fired at a bird, at the proper distance, I only stunned it, by watering and moistening its feathers: and as I instantly laid hold of it, no time was left for it to spoil its plumage by fluttering. The water, impelled by the powder, went directly to the mark: but the piece of tallow, being lighter than the water, did not reach so far.

In my first attempts, it often happened, that having fired sometimes too near, or put too much powder, or too thick a piece of candle, I found the latter entire in the animal's belly; but after a short apprenticeship, made no more mistakes, and never missed my aim. I have often left my fusée remain charged in this manner from morning till night, yet the powder was never damaged, nor did the piece go off less readily. It may be easily guessed that I never fired horizontally in this manner.

One day after my return to Europe, being at the house of a friend, I mentioned before some strangers the method which I have described. One of them, who durst not flatly contradict me, or openly avow his incredulity, endeavoured to prove to the rest, by very clear arguments, that my assertion was at least exaggerated. Whilst they were disputing, I retired without being perceived by the company, and having prepared a fusée according to my own manner, I returned through the garden to the window where these gentlemen were continuing their dispute. Pointing with my finger to a little bird, perched near them, I took aim, and fired at it, upon which it fell. I immediately seized it, and delivering it alive into the hands of my antagonist, put an end to all his fine reasoning.

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## SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SHAKING QUAKERS.

**A**BOUT two miles from Lebanon springs, in the state of New-York, these people have a handsome church, and a large house, in which near an hundred persons live. Their devotion consists principally in dancing and singing. Those exercises are carried on to their own extreme emaciation. They are very laborious, and have generally the character of scrupulous honesty. The



women and men live in different parts of the same house: the married persons have no connexion with each other: and all marriages are prohibited. Their dress is extremely simple. The men wear short coats and short hair. The women are generally dressed in a short white gown and skirt, and in small, close long eared caps. The sect seems rather to be diminishing, as the natural means of increase are cut off: few proselytes are gained: and the severity and constancy of their fatiguing exercises carry them off in a few years. This denomination of religionists made its appearance about ten years since. The head of them was formerly mistress to a British officer. She called herself the elect lady: and lived to see her principles adopted by a considerable number of people, in the north part of the states of New-York and Massachusetts, and some parts of Vermont. They call themselves christians; but their exact principles I am unacquainted with.

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AN HOPKINSONIAN FLIGHT.

A pretty story, written in the year of our Lord 1774. By Peter Grievous, esq.  
A. B. C. D. E.

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VELUTI IN SPECULO.

[Continued from page 23.]

CHAP. III.

**N**OW the new settlers had adopted a mode of government in their several families, similar to that their father had established in the old farm—in taking a new wife at the end of certain periods of time; which wife was chosen for them by their children, and without whose consent they could do nothing material in the conduct of their affairs. Under these circumstances, they thrived exceedingly, and became very numerous—living in great harmony among themselves, and in constitutional obedience to their father and his wife.

Notwithstanding their successful progress, however, they were frequently annoyed by the wild beasts, which were not yet expelled the country; and were moreover troubled by some of their neighbours, who wanted to drive them off the land, and take possession of it themselves.

To assist them in these difficulties, and protect them from danger, the old nobleman sent over several of his servants, who, with the help of the new settlers, drove away their enemies. But then he required that they should reimburse him for the expense and trouble he was at, in their behalf: this they did with great cheerfulness, by applying from time to time, to their respective wives, who always commanded their cash.

Thus did matters go on for a considerable time, to their mutual happiness and benefit. But now the nobleman's wife began to cast an avaricious eye upon the new settlers; saying to herself, if, by the natural consequence of their intercourse with us, my wealth and power are so much increased, how much more would they accumulate, if I can persuade them that all they have belonged to us, and therefore I may at any time demand from them such part of their earnings as I please. At the same time, she was fully sensible of the promises and agreements her husband had made, when they left the old farm, and of the tenor and purport of the *great paper*. She therefore thought it necessary to proceed with great caution and art, and endeavoured to gain her point by imperceptible steps.

In order to this, she first issued an edict setting forth, that whereas the tailors of her family were greatly injured by the people of the new farm, inasmuch as they presumed to make their own clothes, whereby the said tailors were deprived

of the benefit of their custom; it was therefore ordained that for the future the new settlers should not be permitted to have among them any shears or scissars, larger than a certain fixed size. In consequence of this, our adventurers were compelled to have their clothes made by their father's tailors: but out of regard for the old gentleman, they patiently submitted to this grievance.

Encouraged by this success, she proceeded in her plan. Observing that the new settlers were very fond of a particular kind of cider, which they purchased of a neighbour, who was in friendship with their father (the apples proper for making this cider not growing on their own farm) she published another edict, obliging them to pay her a certain stipend for every barrel of cider used in their families! To this likewise they submitted; not yet seeing the scope of her designs against them.

After this manner she proceeded, imposing taxes upon them, on various pretences, and receiving the fruits of their industry with both hands. Moreover she persuaded her husband to send among them, from time to time, a number of the most lazy and useless of his servants, under the specious pretext of defending them in their settlements, and of assisting to destroy the wild beasts; but in fact to rid his own house of their company, not having employment for them; and at the same time to be a watch and a check upon the people of the new farm.

It was likewise ordered, that these protectors, as they were called, should be supplied with bread and butter cut in a particular form: but the head of one of the families refused to comply with this order. He engaged to give the guests, thus forced upon him, bread and butter sufficient; but insisted that his wife should have the liberty of cutting it in what shape she pleased.

This put the old nobleman into a violent passion, inasmuch that he had his son's wife put into jail, for presuming to cut her loaf otherwise than as had been directed.

[To be continued.]

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*Interesting comparison between the writings of RICHARDSON and FIELDING.*

[From VARIETY, a collection of essays.]

" 'Tis hard to say if greater want of skill

" Appears in writing, or in judging ill;

" But, of the two, less dangerous is th' offence

" To tire our patience, than mislead our sense."

POPE.

IT cannot be doubted, that the understanding and virtue, the safety and happiness, of those branches of society which are raised above the necessity of mechanic toil, depend much upon the early impressions they receive from books which captivate the imagination, and interest the heart. Consequently a writer is much their foe, who seeks to throw contempt upon any work, which is eminently calculated to inspire delicacy, and discretion of conduct, purity of morals, tenderness, generosity, and piety of heart—while he recommends another composition, possessing allurements, too well calculated to make it recommend *itself*; but which has a demonstrable tendency to encourage libertinism in our young men; and, in our young women, an insatuated propensity to bestow their affections, and even esteem upon men of profligate habits.

That an author capable of writing agreeably upon many subjects, who must have observed with what difficulty vicious habits, contracted in early life, are laid aside as it advances; and that, *continued*, how fatal they prove to domestic comfort; that a man who is himself a father, should avow such a preference, and employ his oratory, and aim at wit in its defence, may well awaken the wonder and disdain of thinking minds.

A paper in Mr. Cumberland's observer, on the subject of novels, suggested

these reflexions. It points out, in that large range of fashionable reading, which are the paths to be *interdicted*, and which *chosen* for young people by their parents, and guardians. From the praise which its author lavishes upon *Fielding's Tom Jones*, and from his affected contempt of the *Clarissa of Richardson*, he seems to recommend the former to our youth as forcibly, by implication, as he reprobates the latter in direct and positive terms. Men eminent for piety, wisdom, and virtue, have recommended Richardson's *Clarissa* from the pulpit; a work which dr. Johnson, (so generally unwilling to praise) has been often heard to pronounce, "not only the first novel, but perhaps the first work in our language, splendid in point of genius, and calculated to promote the dearest interests of religion and virtue."

Those, who have ability to perceive the riches of that work, in every varied excellence of beautiful composition, will not be insensible to the merit of *Tom Jones*, as a fascinating performance, whose situations are interesting, whose characters display the hand of a master, whose humour is pointed and natural, whose style is easy, and to whose powers of engaging, the pathetic graces have not been wanting.

But while they acknowledge all these agreeable properties, they will feel it among the most striking instances of human absurdity, that a serious writer should recommend it to the libraries of the rising generation by unqualified praise, while he condemns *Clarissa* as a ridiculous romance, inimical to good sense, discretion, and morality.

A lady of wit and spirit has been heard to declare, that she was once completely silenced by a very stupid personage, in the midst of a declamation, and encircled by a large party of ladies and gentlemen. She was haranguing upon the preference she should feel for *Tom Jones*, to sir Charles Grandison, as a brother, a friend, a lover, or a husband. The *filly* gentlewoman, in the mere desire of prating, and perfectly unconscious of the power of what she was going to utter, interrupted the lady orator with, "Ladies and gentlemen, I am reading *Tom Jones*, but I have not finished it. I have just left him in bed with another man's wife."

Perhaps it is not impossible, though very uncommon, that bravery, ingenuousness, compassion, and generosity, should exist in the mind of a young man, who is indiscriminately licentious respecting women; but it is ill for morals when such a character is thus indirectly held up to imitation, by an author professing morality.

Beneath this splendid veil of engaging qualities, a vicious character loses all its deformity in the easily dazzled eyes of youth. In *Sophia's* character, her sex find their sanction for attaching themselves to a libertine—that rock, on which female happiness is so often wrecked.

Having thus enforced the obvious bad tendency of the work, over which Mr. Cumberland pours so much applause, let us turn to the volumes he *interdicts*—to the *Clarissa of Richardson*. No where is morality more powerfully enforced. No where is piety more exquisitely lovely. Every individual in that large dramatic personæ, is drawn with such distinctness, such characteristic strength, that not a letter, a single speech in the whole work, but so peculiarly belongs to the nature of that spirit, which is supposed to have dictated it; that it is needless to cast the eye back to the name of the speaker or to look at the signature.

Among the stately family at Harlowe place, we do indeed perceive more precise and solemn ceremony than we find in the houses of country gentlemen at this period, when Gallic ease has stolen upon the self-importance of the British *snob*: but every body knows, that such *were* the manners of opulent country families, some forty years back, where the master chose to be the gentleman, rather than the toying and riotous foxhunter. Let it also be remembered, that

the Harlowes were a *new-raised* family, that wanted to establish their *questionable* dignity.

As to the persisting authority, unjustly exercised upon young women, in the article of marriage, *that* feature of probability in this charming work, is still ascertained by a variety of examples every year, at least, in *wealthy*, and still oftener in *high* life; though because ceremony is not the *fashion*, there may be less *parade* in the *manner* of enforcing it.

“ For rich-ones, with unfather’d eyes,

“ As pride, or thirst of gold affair,

“ Attend their human sacrifice,

“ Without the Grecian painter’s veil.

The author meant to hold up the portraits of Clarissa and Grandison, to each sex, as models of male and female virtue. It has been truly said, that whatever be our aim, whether the attainment of an art, of science, or of virtue, the model, from which we copy, cannot be too *perfect*. We might as well blame the transcendent sculptor, as the moralist; as rationally prefer less exquisite, less beautiful statues, to the Venus de Medicis, and the Apollo Belvidere, because they may be nearer resemblances of the human form; as choose to contemplate a Jones, and a Sophia, rather than a Grandison and a Clarissa.

If, worn and hacknied in the tainted mazes of society, *our* ardour for virtue be grown palled and sick, so that we behold representations of consummate excellence without delight, let us not seek to deprive the generous credulity, and hopeful sensibility of youth, of the noblest patterns our language affords (without the scriptural pale) of moral virtue and piety—adorned and graceful in the charms of youth and beauty—in the splendour of elevated intellect—in the utmost elegance of style, and in all the interest of trying situations.

An accurate observer of life and manners, must have many times beheld very exact resemblances of every character in Clarissa; the glorious maid and her profligate ravisher alone excepted.

To form a bright example of female virtue, superior to temptation in the great essential, *chastity*—and in whom every lesser consideration of worldly fame and prosperity should be subordinate to the delicacy of exalted principle; it was necessary to draw the character of *Lovelace*, exactly as he is drawn. Less accomplished, less brave, less bountiful, less estimable in all respects, (where his darling vice did not interfere) he could not have obtained the degree of interest he possessed in the heart of a Clarissa; and without which, her resistance had lost all its merit. Less hardened by the power of this absorbing vice, less determined, less cruelly persisting, she could not have sustained from him those wrongs from which she so far rises above the Lucretian-chastity; evincing, by her conduct, the superior excellence of the christian principles to those which hurried into suicide the injured Roman matron.

As the *worst* possible moral results from the character of Tom Jones, so does the *best* result from that of Lovelace. By the former, our youth are taught to believe that they may be very noble fellows, whom every body will love, and yet indulge their criminal appetites in the seduction of what they *believe* to be rustic innocence, as in Jones’s amour with Molly Seagrim; and plunge into *known* adultery, as in his connexion with Mrs. Waters; and this, even though they are in love with an amiable woman, as Jones with Sophia—a situation, which infinitely enhances, and indeed renders wholly unpardonable the gross and brutal guilt of profligacy. While by the character of Lovelace, as by that of Macbeth, we are taught, that gallant courage, and brilliant talents form no security against a man’s becoming darkly villainous, if he deliver himself up, without restraint, to the influence of his constitutional vice.



While the eye of sensibility streams over the suffering and over the dying *Clarissa*, there is a "secret, stern, vindictive, yet not unjust pleasure that brightens those tears," and which always arises in the generous bosom, upon the punishment of treachery, like that of *Lovelace*, and of inflexibility, like that of the *Harlowe* family.

Cold to the sense of devotion, dead to the hope and trust of a blessed immortality, must be that heart, which does not triumph and delight (however the eyes may overflow) in the death of *Clarissa*, in the everlasting rest of a broken heart, in the emancipation of an oppressed, an injured, and angelic spirit, soaring above all its cruel persecutors, to unfading light, and ever-during felicity.

[To be continued.]

#### ESSAY ON THE PROPER MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN.

**T**HAT children shall obey their parents is a dictate of reason and revelation. The imbecility common to infancy and youth render it highly proper. Young and inexperienced minds, unaided by friendly and parental admonition, are exposed to numberless dangers. A state of infancy and youth, being a state of absolute dependence, requires the support and guidance of a more able hand. From this constitution of nature, established by the Deity himself, we may with certainty infer, that it is his will, that youth should be under the direction of him upon whom they are immediately dependent. But this state of dependence and subordination, gives parents no right to act the part of tyrants towards their children.

The imbecility of youth and infancy does not take away their natural rights. Reason demands that they be treated as rational creatures. A parent is under as great obligation to show a child, so far as his capacities will admit, why he enjoins upon him any particular command, as a prince, to convince his subjects of the propriety and justness of any law. Neither is a child under any obligation to obey a command which is not founded on reason.

But how differently from such a practice, do most act, who think they have a right to exercise parental authority! Do parents, in general, endeavour to convince their children that they aim at their good, when they deny them any request? By their manner of denying, the child learns no more than this, that it is the pleasure of his parent, that his request be not granted. But until he be made acquainted with the reason why it is not, instead of considering his parent as one who interests himself in his happiness, he will view him only as an arbitrary sovereign, whose will is the law. And now I ask, can parents, whose government has this appearance, expect sincere obedience from their children? Is the obedience of subjects in a state, in order that it may be permanent, must be founded in affection for their prince, much more that of children for their parents.

The truth of what has been advanced appears from fact. Can an instance be mentioned, where filial regard and obedience have been manifested in those who consider subjection to parents as a state of slavery? On the other hand, was ever a parent whose family government breathed love and affection, reduced to the dreadful necessity of feeling the bitter anguish attendant on the contempt expressed by some for those who gave them existence? I do not mean to lessen parental authority; but, to recommend to heads of families the practice of such methods as will tend to augment it.

Though it was the design of the writer to insist chiefly on the absurdity of laying injunctions without making known the reason why they were imposed; yet other inproprieties ought likewise to be censured.

It is a maxim universally received, that punishment ought ever to be proportionate to the crime. Upon this principle it follows, of consequence, that where there is no crime, no punishment can be lawfully inflicted. To correct

children when innocent, or to punish more than the nature of the crime deserves, is usually followed with fatal consequences. May we not suppose, that children thus dealt with, reason nearly in the following manner? "If I must be punished, whether guilty or innocent, I certainly will do all the mischief I can. So cruel and capricious are my parents, that even innocence, which ought always to be a safeguard to those who can lay claim to it, cannot shelter from their rage. And since, to gratify their ill-humour and malice, they are determined to punish, I am resolved to disobey." What other way can a parent devise, to prevent such effects in children, or to bring them to a sense of their duty, but always to make them sensible of their transgression before he inflict punishment? To blame children merely for seeking to gratify desires which are incident to a state of puerility only, is to act an unreasonable and unwise part.

I am, by no means, endeavouring to persuade parents, to give up the reins of family government: but, if possible, I would persuade them to govern their offspring as beings possessed of some degree of reason. It is absolutely necessary, that parents, both in punishing and refusing to gratify their children, convince them, that in so doing, they treat them as every tender, affectionate parent ought to treat his children. Where this is done, a child seldom asks the reason of any injunction or prohibition. He thinks thus: "My parents, I am persuaded, always act for my good; and their age and experience enable them to discern in what it consists. Therefore it is both my duty and interest to follow their directions."

Happy the parent, who finds such a temper in his descendants! and happy the child, in whom it is discovered!

These reflexions are the result of long observation in different families; if the theory be thought good, the practice will follow.

A FRIEND TO FAMILY GOVERNMENT.

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*From the GENERAL ADVERTISER.*

### BANK-SCRIPTS! HUZZA!

TO THE EDITOR,

**P**ERMIT a sincere friend to give you a piece of wholesome advice. Convert immediately your whole printing-office into bank stock; and you will change every type, nay, your very imposing-stone into gold. Here you are toiling from morn to night, six days in the week, puzzling your brains with extracts and translations from ancient and modern authors—collecting, with endless trouble, philosophical, political, physical facts and reasonings; in short, murdering the flower of your youth—when other gentlemen, of inferior industry, make their hundreds and thousands by a pleasing morning walk. Up then! To-morrow advertise the whole for a bank-script! Lose not a moment, for the stock is in full gallop, and will soon be 1000 per cent. I know that this advice is contrary to certain maxims deeply impressed on your mind by the venerable doctor Franklin! But with all respect for the memory of that great philosopher, I think, with a majority of the Americans, that his maxims of prudence, economy, honesty, &c. are too abstract for actual practice, and too narrow for the policy of this rising empire.

To grow rich by assiduity and frugality alone, is beneath even chimney-sweeps. To secure national wealth only by agriculture, manufactures, and a natural exchange of our superfluities for the products of other countries, is well enough for a plodding, slavish people: but, sir, we freemen of Columbia have all a

right to be great and rich—to be worth at least 10,000 pounds, every soul of us! This land of liberty is, by heaven, destined to amass all the wealth of the old and new world. Our nearly almighty congress can transform every rag of paper into rubies. A simpleton will say, how shall the bank pay this mighty per cent? By the great mystery of FINANCE, you blockhead! By the immortal art of *Law and South-sea sales*! Those schemes failed, indeed; but why? because they were cramped by the pusillanimous genius of monarchy: whereas, the spirit of America has resources beyond all calculation. If the taxes be insufficient, we can raise them; for liberty can never be bought too dear: we may freely tax old and young, meat and drink, body and soul—if still more be wanting, we can borrow; for men begin to understand, that a public debt is a national blessing.

Come then, be a lad of spirit. Quit your paper for a *script*. I shall regret the instruction and entertainment you afford us: but, like a true friend, I prefer your interest to the public good. Perhaps my council will have more weight by informing you, that I mean to turn banker myself. In a few days the auctioneer's hammer will turn all my small effects into ready money; on which I shall immediately form a bank for the benefit of my neighbours. I hope to convert even my old shoes into the *nervus rerum*. If I fail, I can but go to jail, and come out with a ticket.

C.

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*Subjects recommended to the attention of farmers, and proprietors of land.*

**E**VERY measure should be adopted by the owners of land to save timber. Every farm should be hedged for outsize fences, and dry ditches made to separate fields: and in place of the large fire places in farm houses, they should be warmed by close stoves, except a kitchen fire for cooking, &c.

With respect to fencing: from the great ease of propagation and rapid growth of the yellow willow, it might certainly be made a good fence, by setting the slips very close in double, or even treble rows. These may be taken from even the smallest branches, or the largest stakes of willow. All will grow, and may be set at any time of the year. When at a sufficient height they should be cut off, lest they blow up by the roots and make breaches. In several parts of Germany, many of the inhabitants are supplied with fuel entirely from the branches and tops taken off their hedge-trees, being willows, &c.

But the most formidable and permanent hedge fence is the thorn: this is more troublesome to propagate, and slow in its growth.

The acquisition of quicks has hitherto been the great difficulty. But the writer happily has learned the method practised by those who follow raising quicks in Europe, and which he with pleasure communicates to the public. Gather the haws any way most easy, when full ripe, perhaps in November—dig a pit or hole, in a dry hill, or bank of earth, from two to three feet deep; put in the bottom a layer of dry straw: throw your haws upon the straw, and cover them with the same; then fill in the earth, and do it up neatly, so as to prevent the water soaking to them. In March or April, according to the season, raise them, and with an open riddle, sift the sand or mould from them (though getting them clean is no ways material): they will be now clear of their meat, and just the nut or kernel remaining, which immediately sow in beds of well prepared ground, nearly in the same manner parsnips are sowed, leaving sufficient space between for a person to pass to weed them—they will come up as soon as any garden seeds: and, if kept clean and weeded, may be transplanted into hedges in two years.

## THE ANECDOTIST, No. IX.

A School exercise was lately given to one of the students at Westminster school—the word was *Saratoga*: On which he immediately wrote an epigrammatic couplet in Latin, of which the following is a translation:

*Burgoyne, alas! unknowing future fates,  
Could cut his way thro' WOODS, but not thro' GATES,*

AN old American savage being at an inn in New-York, met with a gentleman who gave him some liquor, and being rather lively, boasted he could read and write English. The gentleman, willing to indulge him in displaying his knowledge, begged leave to propose a question, to which the old man consented. He was then asked who was the first circumcised? The Indian immediately answered, father Abraham: and directly asked the gentleman, who was the first quaker? He said it was very uncertain, as people differed in their sentiments exceedingly. The Indian perceiving the gentleman unable to resolve the question, put his fingers into his mouth, to express his surprise, and looking steadfastly, told him, that *Mordecai* was the first quaker, for he would not pull off his hat to *Haman*."

*Kalm.*

A Bostonian lately meeting a British officer at a *coffee-house*, in *London*, the conversation turned on *America*. The son of the sword, said, "There was nothing in *America*, like *St. James's park*." "O yes," said the *Yankee*, "we have as fine a *common*, and as elegant a *mall*, in *Boston*, as any you can boast of here, I'll assure you." "Well"—asked the other, "is the *country* thickly inhabited, and have you good roads," &c. "Yes." "Well, what road do you call the best?"—"Why," returned the *American*, "we esteem the road leading from *Saratoga*, the best in *America*."—Further the enquirer did not ask.

THE bible (said the late king of Prussia) is a staff, which God put into the hands of blindmen to guide their steps. But they, instead of applying it to that use, immediately began to wrangle and dispute about its length, breadth, and thickness; and concluded by knocking each other over the pate with it.

NOT long since, two gentlemen, mr. D. and mr. L. stood candidates for a seat in the state legislature of New-York—They were violently opposed to each other: by some artifice, mr. D. gained the election. When he was returning home, much elated with success, he met a gentleman an acquaintance of his—"Well," says D. "I have got the election—L. was no match for me—I'll tell you how I flung him—if there happened any Dutch voters, I could talk Dutch with them, and there I had the advantage of him. If there were any Frenchmen, I could talk French with them, and there I had the advantage of him. But as to L. he was a clever, honest, sensible little fellow."—"Yes, sir," replies the gentleman, "and there he had the advantage of you."

A COUNTRY schoolmaster was the other day reading over to a justice of peace, the newspaper, that mentioned an act lately passed by the legislature of New-York, for the preservation of *beath bens*, and other game. Instead of *beath bens*, he by mistake, (not having his spectacles at hand), read it *beathens*. This occasioned a little pause—it was, however, soon agreed between them, that the law had in view the Indians on our western frontiers, together with their wild and tame animals. "As to the Indians, (observed the justice) who are really and *bona fide* no other than *beathens*, I think our legislature would show much more wisdom in devising means to destroy them, off the face of the earth, than in making laws for their preservation."



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

PATIENCE.—*An ode.*

**F**LY!—let me never hear thy flatt'ring strain!  
 Sweet as the syren's, as the syren's vain!  
 Hatt thou not looth'd me many a year;  
 Suppress'd the sigh, restrain'd the tear,  
 Taught me my thoughts in folly to employ,  
 And lull'd me in a dream of fancied joy?

Where is that promis'd joy?—The cloud is past,  
 Which shone, till, yielding to the adverse blait,  
 No more it gives one cheering gleam;  
 Hope has withdrawn his happy beam;  
 And nature's prospects nothing can bestow,  
 But a long dreary night of grief and woe.

Hence to some vainer, weaker mind depart;  
 Fly!—hast thou not already rack'd my heart?

Begone.—I see no more her smile;  
 No more her strains my heart beguile.

False were her dictates, tho' her form was fair—  
 And now I yield my thoughts to dire Despair.

Despair! approach;—how horrid is thy frame!  
 Yet in my heart an int'rest thou mayst claim.

A dagger glitters in her hand;  
 And now she shows the wave worn stand—

To death's sad mansions points the various ways,  
 Now grasps the pistol, now the rope displays.

I follow thee—but ah! that dreadful peal  
 Other sensations teaches me to feel;  
 ('Tis Conscience, whose tremendous roar  
 Bids me soft mercy to implore.)

Like the loud thunder, which, on Sinai's head,  
 Shook Israel's guilty soas with sacred dread.

Despair now vanishes—my limbs confess  
 All the deep terrors of my mind's distress.

Dire were her outcries, as she fought  
 Those realms with endless horrors fraught,  
 Where hope ne'er enters, and where devils glow  
 With heliish rapture at each other's woe.

Patience my ready summons now obeys;  
 She softens anguish, and my mind she sways.

To him she bids my vows arise,  
 To him all-pow'rful and all-wise,

Who, when man wander'd into sin and woe,  
 Left patience his chief comforter below.

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 S Y M P A T H Y.—*A song.*

**D**OWN thy fair cheek where mirth should glow,  
 I see the tender sorrows flow.  
 With equal grief thy grief I hear,  
 Yield sigh for sigh and tear for tear.

But they, who comfort would bestow,  
The cause of grief should fully know.  
Speak then, lov'd maid! my doubts relieve,  
Nor let me ignorantly grieve.  
Perhaps I can remove thy woes,  
And hush thy bosom to repose.  
Hast thou a comfort or a care,  
In which thy Damon will not share?

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EPIGRAM.

SAYS angry Thomas, "since so many fail,  
E'en for my brother I would ne'er be bail."  
"Right, Thomas!" cries a wag; "for all agree,  
"None in his senses would be bail for thee."

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ANACREONTIC.

TOM! Let the table cloth be spread;  
And bring me wine, both white and red.  
In spite of Betty's noisy clack,  
I hear the music of the jack;  
And now, far sweeter than the rose,  
The turkey smokes beneath my nose.  
"Who raps?" "Mercutio"—ask him up;  
He loves the festive plate and cup.  
"Welcome, my friend; and gaily share  
In friendship's plain, yet chosen fare.  
With friendship blest, who can complain?  
It turns dull port to brisk champagne.  
Rescu'd at length from durance vile,  
Our various cares it can beguile.  
It sparkles in the foaming glass;  
Its charms all other charms surpass.  
Blest with champagne, we laugh and sing,  
And taste of joys that leave no sting.  
Fill then the bumpers—and, my friend,  
Mildly to this advice attend:  
Pleasure was meant our lives to bless,  
Unless when carried to excess.  
Thus may the strains of mirth resound,  
While the gay, temp'rate glass goes round.

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SAPHIC.

FOR wealth till now I never sigh'd.—  
With thee that wealth might I divide,  
How would I, render'd doubly bold,  
Smile at th' extremes of heat, or cold.  
Bleak Greenland's frosts I would explore,  
Or glow on Chili's sultry shore;  
And would, thy favour to engage,  
Smile at the storm's, or battle's rage.

For what can battle or the storm,  
Worse than thy cruel frowns perform?  
Soon would they end my life; but I  
By thee in ling'ring pain must die.

—●●●●●—  
ANNETTE.—*An epigram.*

ANNETTE to beauty's praise may well aspire;  
All own her wit—her learning we admire:  
But though to such choice gifts she may pretend,  
Say, has her temper gain'd a single friend?  
While with the noisy rattlesnake she vies,  
Her tongue defeats the triumphs of her eyes.

—●●●●●—  
*Verses composed on Pettaquamscut, Point Judith, Rhode-Island.—By a lady of  
seventeen.*

LOST to youth's enthusiasm!  
Lost to all poetic fire!  
The mind must be a lifeless chasm,  
Which these scenes do not inspire.  
What can warm th' imagination,  
Pleaze the eye, or charm the ear,  
In enchanting variation,  
Bounteous nature's lavish'd here.  
Here the vast, unbounded Ocean  
His majestic billows rolls,  
Raising most sublime emotion,  
Lifts and awes our 'stonish'd souls.  
Here the waves, with hope elated,  
Strive the upland heights to gain;  
But, like human hopes, frustrated,  
Billow to the distant main.  
Still with indignation swelling,  
Calls the surges from afar—  
Still impell'd and still repelling,  
Raging in continual war.  
Here the waters idly sporting,  
Fondly woo the grassy shore;  
And more calm recesses courting,  
Shun the ocean's stormy roar.  
Hence more tranquil joys pursuing,  
Pettaquamscut steals away;  
Oft his peaceful course reviewing,  
Winds along with sweet delay.  
Lo! the raptur'd eye beguiling,  
How the distant prospect charms!  
Rocks, hills, valleys, meadows, smiling,  
Rise secure from all alarms.  
To these the grove his shade opposing,  
Overhangs the peaceful flood;

Above, the tow'ring branches closing,  
Rival each surrounding wood.

Pious awe, and sweet composure,  
This sequestered gloom inspires;  
While from its secure enclosure,  
Every ruder thought retires.

Moss-grown rocks their heads erecting,  
Heighten still the pleasing gloom;  
And their winding flow'rs protecting,  
Bid them unmolested bloom.

Here the birds, the sun beams flying,  
Nature's inspiration sing:  
Echo, to their voice replying,  
Makes the neighb'ring vallies ring.

This fair spot with partial pleasure,  
Pettiquamscut's arms entwine;  
Leaves with pain his favourite treasure;  
Parting, feels regret like mine.

Soon again thy waves returning,  
Shall embrace this blissful shore.  
Fate, my fondest wishes spurning,  
Bids me different scenes explore.

Follow still thy sweet employment;  
Wave ye woods, and Ocean roar;  
You shall give sublime enjoyment,  
When your Emma is no more.

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#### SELECTED POETRY.

*A poetical essay on the comparative merit of the two sexes.*

**W**HEN first old chaos felt creating pow'r,  
And breathless matter kindled into life,  
Then man was fashion'd; from the dust he came;  
But with such signal marks of rank and grace,  
As stil'd him ruler of this nether world.  
In him conspicuous shone pow'r, vigour, and  
A mind with noble resolution steel'd:  
From him was woman form'd, but different far  
In point of constitution and of strength.  
Say then what gifts and pow'rs in each reside  
Which merit claim, and be the contrast just.  
And first, let man for valour be renown'd,  
And courage, when thick dangers him assail:  
With these he fights the num'rous ills of life,  
Maintains his ground against opposing foes,  
And triumphs o'er them all: should some base wretch,  
With lewd intent, attack pure innocence,  
These help him to defend the injur'd fair,  
To drive the dark assassin to his hole,  
Or, in the open day, proclaim his shame.  
But O, ye macaronies of the age,  
Ye busy, prating tribe, whose slender limbs,



But for your dress, bespeak the weaker sex,  
Can you stand forth, when virtue is attack'd,  
And dare in hazardous exploits engage,  
When honour and your country sue for aid?  
Or rather will you seek a safe retreat,  
Fly from the foe, and tremble every nerve?  
Alas! I know too well, your tender frame,  
To hardship, toil, and dangers not inur'd,  
Can claim but feeble praise in valour's school.—  
You shrink beneath the rugged, boist'rous blast,  
And chide the sun, when he with holds his beams.

Here let me pause:—a more engaging scene  
Demands my song:—Soon as the morning dawns  
See sloth shook off, and man to labour rise,  
Industrious (but not the delicate  
The petit maitre race I have describ'd)  
Striving, with indefatigable zeal,  
By honest arts and honest gain, to raise  
Decent provision for declining years,  
And for a numerous progeny of babes.

But now the merits of the softer sex  
My best attention claim, and urge me on.  
See virtuous Modesty resplendent shine,  
And deck the female race; 'tis her's to give  
Each winning grace, each soft attracting charm,  
And make the proudest of the human race  
Stoop at its shrine. The fairest features make  
A faint impression, and that soon defac'd,  
Where this is absent, or but rarely found.  
But 'tis the pride, the glory of the sex,  
By just reserve and winning modesty,  
To raise a solid monument of worth.  
What though some females, bred around the court,  
Have swerv'd from Chastity and left her path,  
Yet still it beams with lustre in the fair,  
But not to this is woman's worth confin'd:  
Economy and frugal management  
Call for encomiums, nor without a cause.  
But what should humble man, and make him own  
Superior wisdom to adorn the fair,  
Is that serenity and calm of mind,  
That sweet composure, that submission meek  
Which always marks them in the adverse hour.  
'Tho' soft their make, tho' delicate their sex,  
They bear affliction with heroic strength,  
While man oft' shrinks beneath th' oppressive weight,  
Nor less conspicuous, shine in female breasts  
Benevolence and all her smiling train,  
Compassion, tenderness, and charity,  
Those virtues which the best resemblance bear  
To that Almighty Pow'r whose name is love.  
Can heav'n's most perfect work without concern  
Observe the heart-felt sigh, the falling tear,  
The broken accent fault'ring on the tongue,  
When undissembling innocence attempts

To paint a scene of sorrow and despair?  
 No, 'tis impossible; the gen'rous fair  
 Feels for another's sufferings as her own,  
 Flies with as eager steps to lend her aid,  
 And turns the tears of grief to tears of joy.  
 Thus hath all-gracious heav'n to either sex  
 Assign'd peculiar merits which may serve  
 Each other's peace and int'rest to promote,  
 To raise the social passions into life,  
 And fit them for a state of perfect bliss.

---

ODE TO INDIFFERENCE.

*By Mrs. Cowley.*

OH nymph, long sought, of placid mien,  
 With careless steps, and brow serene!  
 I woo thee from the tufted bow'rs,  
 Where, listless, pass thy easy hours;  
 Or if, a Naiade of the silver wave,  
 Thou rather love thy pearly limbs to lave  
 In some clear lake, whose fascinating face  
 Lures the soft willow to its pure embrace—  
 Or if, beneath the gelid rock,  
 Thy smiles all human sorrows mock—  
 Where'er thou art, in earth or air,  
 O! come, and chase the fiend, Despair!  
 Have I not mark'd thee on the green  
 Roving, by vulgar eyes unseen?  
 Have I not watch'd thy lightsome dance,  
 When evening's soften'd glows advance?  
 Dear goddess, yes! and while the rustic's mirth  
 Proclaims the hour, which gives wild gambols birth,  
 Supine, I've found thee in the elm-row's shade,  
 Lull'd by the hum returning bees have made;  
 Who, chary of their golden spoils,  
 Finish their fragrant rosy toils,  
 With rest-inviting slumb'rous song,  
 As to their waxen couch they throng.  
 Chaste nymph! the temple let me seek,  
 Where thou resid'st, in lustre meek.  
 My future life to thee I give:  
 Irradiate ev'ry hour I live!  
 'Tis true, no glowing bliss thy vot'ries know,  
 From thee no poignant ecstasy can flow,  
 But oh! thou shield'st the heart from rankling pain,  
 And Misery strikes, when blest with thee, in vain.  
 Wan Jealousy's impoisoning tooth,  
 And Love, which feeds upon our youth,  
 And holy Friendship's broken tie,  
 Ne'er dim the lustre of thy eye.  
 For thee, it is, all nature blooms:  
 For thee, the spring new charms assumes,

Nor vainly flings her blossoms round,  
 Nor vainly bids her groves resound.  
 Her music, colours, odours, all are thine :  
 To thee her months their richest gifts consign.  
 To thee the morn is bright, and sweet the ray,  
 That marks the progress of the sinking day.  
 Each change is grateful to thy soul ;  
 For its fine taste no woes controul,  
 The pow'rs of nature, and of art,  
 Alike entrance thy easy heart.

And oh ! beneath thy gentle dome,  
 Which the calm comforts make their home,  
 That cruel imp is never found,  
 Whose fame such idle songs resound—  
 Dread Sensibility !—Oh ! let me fly  
 Where Greenland darkness drinks the beamy sky,  
 Or, where the sun, with downward, torrid ray,  
 Kills, with the barb'rous glories of the day !  
 I'd dare th' excess of ev'ry clime,  
 Grasp ev'ry evil known by time,  
 Ere live beneath that witch's spells,  
 With whom no lasting pleasure dwells.

Her lovely form deceives the heart,  
 The tear, for ever prompt to start,  
 The tender look, the ready sigh,  
 And soft emotion always nigh ;  
 And yet content th' insidious fiend forbids—  
 Oh ! she has torn the slumbers from my lids :  
 Oft rous'd my torpid sense to living woe,  
 And bid chill Anguish to my bosom grow.  
 She seals her prey !—in vain the Spring  
 Wakes Rapture, thro' her groves to sing ;  
 The rose at morn's hygean bloom,  
 Fades down unmark'd, to evening's gloom.

Oh Sensibility ! thy sceptre sad  
 Points, where the frantic glance proclaims the mad !  
 Strain'd to excess, Reason is chain'd thy slave,  
 Or the poor victim thuns thee in the grave.  
 To thee each crime, each evil owes its birth,  
 That in gigantic horror treads the earth !  
 Savage untam'd ! she smiles to drink our tears :  
 And where's no solid ill, she wounds with fears ;  
 Riots in sighs ; is sooth'd when most we smart :  
 Now, while she guides my pen, her fang's within my heart.

ANNA MATILDA.

*Lines occasioned by reading Mr. PAINE'S RIGHTS OF MAN.*

**T**HUS briefly sketch'd the sacred rights of man,  
 How inconsistent with the regal plan,  
 Which, for itself, exclusive honour craves,  
 Where some are masters born, and some are slaves ;

With what contempt must ev'ry eye look down,  
On that base, childish bauble, call'd a crown—  
Yet, source of half the mischiefs men endure,  
The quack that kills them, while it seems to cure.

Rous'd by the reason of his manly page,  
Once more shall PAINE a list'ning world engage :  
From reason's source, a bold reform he brings ;  
By raising up mankind, he pulls down kings,  
Who, source of discord, patrons of all wrong,  
On blood and murder, have been fed too long :  
Hid from the world, and tutor'd to be base,  
The curie, the scourge, the ruin of our race—  
*Their's* was the task, a dull designing crew,  
To govern beings that they scarcely knew,  
*Who* deem'd this world a settlement of slaves,  
And form'd their way on systems built by knaves—  
Advance, bright years, to work their final fall,  
And haste the period that shall crush them all.

Who, that has read and scann'd th' historic page,  
But glows at every line with kindling rage,  
To see *by them* the rights of men aspers'd,  
Freedom restrain'd, and nature's law revers'd ;  
Men, rank'd with beasts, *by them* bequeath'd away,  
And bound, even *fools* or *madmen* to obey ;  
Now driv'n to fight, and now oppress'd at home,  
Compell'd in crowds, o'er distant seas to roam,  
From Indian climes, the plunder'd prize to bring,  
To glad the strumpet, or to glut the king,  
Who, sworn to please her vain, capricious mind,  
Was forc'd new diamonds, at her call to find ;  
Or thus, like *Nero*, his proud dame address'd,  
Who made this modest offer (not in jest)  
" Let but these fingers o'er your bosom stray,  
And conquer'd nations at your feet I'll lay."

COLUMBIA, hail !—immortal be thy reign ;  
Without a king, we till the fertile plain :  
Without a king, we trace th' encircling sea,  
And travel round the globe in each degree.  
Each distant clime, our gallant flag reveres,  
Nor asks a monarch to support the STARS ;  
Without a king, the laws maintain their sway,  
While honour bids each loyal heart obey.  
Be ours the task, th' ambitious to restrain,  
And this great lesson teach, that kings are vain ;  
That warring realms to certain ruin haste ;  
That kings subsist on war, and wars are waste :  
So shall our nation, form'd on reason's plan,  
Remain the guardian of the rights of man,  
A vast republic, fam'd thro' ev'ry clime,  
Without a king, to see the end of time.



tivation of friendly arrangements with that nation. Besides five eighths of our whole oil, and two-thirds of our salted fish, they take from us one fourth of our tobacco, three-fourths of our live stock (No. 14.) a considerable and growing portion of our rice, great supplies occasionally of other grain; in 1789, which, indeed, was extraordinary, four millions of bushels of wheat, and upward of a million of bushels of rice and barley (No. 15.) and nearly the whole carried in our own vessels (No. 16.) They are a free market now; and will in time be a valuable one for our ships and ship-timber, potash and peltry.

England is the market for the greater part of our spermaceti oil. They impose on all our oils, a duty of eighteen pounds five shillings sterling the ton, which, as to the common kind, is a prohibition, as has been before observed, and as to that of the spermaceti, gives a preference of theirs over ours to that amount, so as to leave, in the end, but a scanty benefit to the fishermen: and not long since, by a change of construction, without any change of the law, it was made to exclude our oils from their ports, when carried in our own vessels. On some change of circumstance, it was construed back again to the reception of our oils; on paying always, however, the same duty of eighteen pounds five shillings. This serves to show, that the tenure, by which we hold the admission of this commodity in their markets, is as precarious as it is hard. Nor can it be announced, that there is any disposition on their part to arrange this or any other commercial matter, to mutual convenience. The *ex parte* regulations, which they have begun, for mounting their navigation on the ruins of ours, can only be opposed by counter regulations on our part. And the loss of seamen, the natural consequence of lost and obstructed markets for our fish and oil, calls, in the first place, for serious and timely attention. It will be too late, when the seaman shall have changed his vocation, or gone over to another interest. If we cannot recover and secure for him those important branches of employment, it behoves us to replace them by others equivalent. We have three nurseries for forming seamen:—

1. Our coasting trade already on a safe footing.
2. Our fisheries, which, in spite of natural advantages, give just cause of anxiety.
3. Our carrying trade, the only resource of indemnification for what we lose in the other. The produce of the united states, which is carried to foreign markets, is extremely bulky. That part of it, now in the hands of foreigners, and which we may resume into our own, without touching the rights of those nations who have met us in fair arrangements by treaty, or the interests of those, who, by their voluntary regulations, have paid so just and liberal a respect to our interest, as, being measured back to them again, places both parties on as good ground, perhaps, as treaties could place them—the proportion, I say, of our carrying trade, which may be resumed without affecting either of these descriptions of nations, will find constant employment for ten thousand seamen—be worth two millions of dollars annually—will go on augmenting with the population of the united states—secure to us a full indemnification for the seamen we lose—and be taken wholly from those who force us to this act of self protection, in navigation.

Hence, too, would follow, that their Newfoundland ships, not receiving provisions from us in their bottoms, nor permitted (by a law of their own) to receive in ours, must draw their subsistence from Europe, which would increase that part of their expenses in the proportion of four to seven, and so far operate as a duty towards restoring the level between them and us. The tables No. 1, and 12, will shew the quantity of tonnage, and consequently the mails of seamen whose interests are in distress: and No. 17 the materials for indemnification.

If regulations, exactly the counterpart of those established against us, would

be ineffectual from a difference of circumstances, other regulations equivalent can give no reasonable ground of complaint to any nation. Admitting their right of keeping their markets to themselves, ours cannot be denied of keeping our carrying trade to ourselves. And if there be any thing unfriendly in this, it was in the first example.

The loss of seamen unnoticed, would be followed by other losses in a long train. If we have no seamen, our ships will be useless, consequently our ship-timber, iron, and hemp—our ship-building will be at an end—ship carpenters go over to other nations—our young men have no call to the sea—our produce carried in foreign bottoms, be saddled with war freight and insurance in times of war: and the history of the last one hundred years, shows that the nation which is our carrier, has three years of war for every four years of peace. (No. 13.) We lose, during the same periods, the carriage for belligerent powers, which the neutrality of our flag would render an incalculable source of profit: we lose at this moment the carriage of our own produce, to the annual amount of two millions of dollars, which, in the possible progress of the encroachment, may extend to five or six millions, the worth of the whole, with an increase in the proportion of the increase of our numbers. It is easier, as well as better, to stop this train at its entrance, than when it shall have ruined or banished whole classes of useful and industrious citizens.

It will, doubtless, be thought expedient, that the resumption suggested should take effect so gradually as not to endanger the loss of produce for the want of transportation: but that, in order to create transportation, the whole plan should be developed, and made known at once, that the individuals, who may be disposed to lay themselves out for the carrying business, may make their calculations on a full view of all circumstances.

On the whole, the historical view we have taken of these fisheries, proves they are so poor in themselves as to come to nothing with distant nations, who do not support them from their treasury. We have seen, that the advantages of our position, place our fisheries on a ground somewhat higher, such as to relieve our treasury from the necessity of giving them support, but not to permit it to draw support from them, nor to dispense the government from the obligation of effectuating free markets for them; that for the great proportion of our salted fish, for our common oil, and part of our spermaceti oil, markets may, perhaps, be preserved by friendly arrangements towards those nations whose arrangements are friendly to us; and the residue be compensated by giving to the seamen thrown out of business the certainty of employment in another branch, of which we have the sole disposal.

THOMAS JEFFERSON, secretary of state.

February 1st, 1791:

[illegible]

VESSELS.	TONNAGE.	SEAMEN.	RENTALS.	VALUE DOLLARS.
15	-	8,000	-	1,738,800
150	-	9,180	-	540,000
150	-	-	-	-
80	-	-	-	-
102	-	-	-	-
400	36,000	25,000	486,61	2,255,000
-	-	20,000	510,000	-
-	-	7,000	516,000	-
-	-	14,000	600,000	-
-	-	-	470,000	-
-	-	-	732,000	-

[illegible]

## NUMBER II.

State of the cod fishery of Massachusetts.

	From 1765 to 1775.					From 1786 to 1790, inclusive.				
	Vessels annually.	Tonnage.	Seamen.	Rentals to Europe a. 3. 5 dols. lars.	Rentals to W. Indies a. 8. 6 dols. lars.	Vessels annually.	Tonnage.	Seamen.	Rentals to Europe a. 3 dols.	Rentals to W. Indies a. 8 dols.
Marblehead,	150	7,500	1800	8,000	4,000	9	5,400	72	50,000	25,000
Gloucester,	146	5,530	888	35,000	42,500	16	8,600	68	19,500	28,500
Manchester,	15	1,500	200	10,000	10,000	15	900	12	3,000	7,500
Beverly,	15	750	120	6,000	6,000	19	1,235	157	5,800	10,000
Salem,	30	1,500	240	12,000	12,000	20	1,300	160	6,000	10,000
Newbury-Port,	10	400	60	2,000	2,000	10	460	8	1,000	5,000
Ipswich,	50	900	190	8,000	5,500	56	460	248	3,000	6,000
Plymouth,	60	2,400	400	8,000	16,000	36	1,440	252	6,000	12,000
Cohasset,	6	240	40	800	1,600	5	200	35	1,000	1,500
Hingham,	6	210	42	800	1,600	4	180	32	800	1,200
Scituate,	10	400	70	1,000	3,000	2	90	16	400	600
Duxborough,	4	160	28	400	1,200	9	460	72	1,500	3,000
Kennebunk,	6	210	40	800	1,600	4	160	28	700	1,200
Yarmouth,	30	900	10	3,000	6,000	20	900	180	2,000	10,000
Wellfleet,	3	90	21	300	600					
Truro,	10	400	80	1,000	3,000					
Provincetown,	4	160	32	500	1,100	11	550	88	3,000	5,000
Chatham,	30	1,000	40	4,000	8,000	2	900	24	3,000	9,000
Nantucket,	8	320	64	1,000	2,200	5	200	4	500	1,500
Manc,	60	1,000	230	4,000	8,000	2	200	12	1,000	3,500
Weymouth,	2	100	16	200	600	3	150	24	1,000	1,250
	665	25,630	4405	178,800	174,500	539	19,185	3,287	106,600	143,050



(No. III.)

Polk, direct.	On parole.	On permanent b.	On each one.	Caudles for
<p><i>Abstract of the produce of the fl.-vies, exported from the United States, from about August 22, 1779, to September 30, 1780.</i></p>				

[illegible]

## No. IV.

Abstract of articles, imported into the united states from British colonies, for one year, commencing the 15th August, 1789, and ending on the 14th August, 1790, as far as the accounts have been rendered.

6,343 barrels of pickled fish.

Cwt. 3,701. 2qrs. 10lbs. of dried fish.

NOTE.—Oil and lumber imported, paying a duty *ad valorem*, the quantity of each can only be ascertained by the several collectors, having reference to the original entries.

JOSEPH NOURSE, Register.

Treasury department, Register's office, 23d. Nov. 1790.

## No. V.

WE the subscribers, being a committee appointed by the owners of fishing vessels, in the town of Marblehead, to take into consideration the many grievances and burdens the cod fishery now labours under, and to make a statement of them; which statement so made, to be handed to col. Glover, by him to be laid before the committee of the general court, appointed to consider the same, do report the said statement as follows, viz.

1. Impossi duties on salt,
2. duties, and excise on rum, sugar, and melasses,
3. on hooks, lines and leads,
4. on coarse woollens,
5. on duck, cordage and cables,
6. on hemp, iron, and twine,
7. Tonnage and naval duties.
8. The ineffectual duties on foreign fish,
9. The duties our fisheries pay at foreign markets, while the fisheries of France and England receive large privileges and bounties from their governments.
10. The heavy poll-tax laid on the fishermen.
11. Excise on New England rum.

It appears to the committee, from an exact investigation, that the earnings and expenses of the fishing schooners of this town, for the years 1787, 1788, 1789, were to the earnings of each schooner, viz.

For the year 1787,	£. 145
For the year 1788,	137
For the year 1789,	82

And that the annual averages expenses of these }  
vessels, inclusive of insurance, } 124

It also appears, that the number of schooners employed in the grand bank fishery for the year 1789, were one hundred and twenty-four, nineteen of which were property of persons not belonging to the town, and of which number thirty-three sail have been taken out of the fishery from the declension of the business, exclusive of the aforementioned disadvantages.

That the bounty granted to the fishery by congress, as a compensation for the duty on salt, this committee humbly conceive, will not operate to that purpose so effectually, as if paid directly into the hands of the owners of the vessels, instead of the shippers of the fish.

Marblehead, February 1st. 1790.

JOHN GLOVER,  
ISRAEL FOSTER,  
EDWARD FETYPLACE,  
WILLIAM KNIGHT,  
SAMUEL HOOPER,  
ROBERT HOOPER, jun.  
WILLIAM R. LEE,

RICHARD PEDRICK,  
KNOTT PEDRICK,  
SAMUEL R. GERRY,  
RICHARD JAMES,  
JOSHUA ORNE,  
MARSTON WATSON.

▲ true copy,

Attest, JOHN AVERY, jun. secretary.

## No. VI.

AN estimate of the duties paid by the proprietors and navigators of a fishing vessel of sixty-five tons and eleven hands.

Duty on salt,	dollars	So.	35
rum,	14.		
tea,	2.	64	
sugar,	3.	1	
melasses,		99	
coarse woollens,	7.	33	
lines, leads and hooks,	2.	9	
sail cloth—yearly average,	2.	5	
cordage, cables, do.	20.		
tonnage,	1.	9	
iron—yearly average	1.		

138 divided on eleven men,

is 12 5 cents. per man.

But deducting the drawback of the duty on salt, it remains 57. 74 dollars on the whole, or 5. 25 dollars on each man.

N<sup>o</sup>. VII.

*An historical view of the whale fisheries, of Holland, England, and the united states.*

[illegible]



## THE GAZETTE.

## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

WARSAW, May 11.

THE revolution, so happily begun, will, according to all appearance, be completely consolidated, without violence or tumult.

At Lubin, indeed, a weak, ineffectual shew of opposition to it, has been discovered: but in Great-Poland, all ranks and degrees of men applaud it with transport.

The different supreme tribunals have sent deputies to the king and states, acknowledging their fidelity and submission to the new constitution.

*Rome, May 27.* Government has sent orders to Civita Vecchia, to prevent any vessels anchoring there with French emigrants on board.

*Madrid, May 20.* The king has ordered the president of Castille, to desire the inhabitants of the kingdom and cities of Spain, by the intermediate means of the deputies at the cortes, to make known the means of relieving them; to draw up a list of their grievances, and every thing which may tend to better the general welfare, by drawing it to a nearer similitude of the old Spanish constitution.

*Ratisbon, June 18.* The greater part of the instructions, concerning the affairs of Alsace, have already been laid before the diet. Some among them are very moderate: others are written in a strong and energetic stile; among these last may be reckoned the following:

1. To declare to France, that the empire of Germany will not be bound by the alliances and treaties of peace concluded with that crown; and that in consequence,

2. It will endeavour to prosecute all the claims, legitimately founded, on the different provinces ceded to France.

3. That the commerce between the two nations having hitherto been to the disadvantage of Germany, a decree of the empire shall be issued, to prohibit the entry of all French merchandises whatever; to enforce which prohibition a line of troops shall be formed upon the frontiers.

4. That all the French possessions, in the empire, as well as the rights which that power exercises, ought to be sequestrated, till restitution shall be made of the possessions, rights, &c. of the claiming princes.

5. The national assembly having sent into Germany many members of the congregation of what is called propaganda, to disseminate democratic principles there—principles which cannot assimilate with the constitution of the empire, a rigorous law shall be enacted, ordering that every Frenchman or German, who shall profess those principles, either in public or private, shall be punished with death.

6. With respect to a declaration of war with France, as that must depend upon a majority of votes, it is to be observed, that each state ought to consider for its own and for the general interest, that the empire would soon be divided into portions, if each foreign power could usurp some integrant part of it, without dread of the reclaiming and efficacious powers, whereby the Germanic confederation ought to maintain, against every state, the property of all its members.

7. That the empire is yet possessed of sufficient honour, and of vigour sufficiently formidable to defend its rights and possessions against its neighbours; and it is evident that if the princes, who are attached to its glory, as to its existence, suffer themselves to be actuated but by true patriotism, and unite under

the head of the empire, with that antient valour which has ever distinguished the German nation, nothing will be able to withstand their efforts: and notwithstanding the boasting of perjured usurpers, it would be very easy for the princes successfully to oppose every attempt against those treaties which have solemnly ratified to the German princes those rights which they possess in Lorraine and Alsace.

PARIS, *June 21. A. M.*

*Proceedings of the national assembly.*

At nine, the national assembly met, and the sittings were opened by a communication from the president, of the king's flight.

A motion was made, and carried unanimously, to the following purport:

"The national assembly, constituting the representatives of the nation, decrees, 1st, That the decrees already passed, or to be passed, and which cannot be sanctioned by the royal prerogative, on account of the king's absence, shall still preserve the name, and have the force of laws throughout the kingdom, and the seals of office, already approved of, shall be fixed to them.

"The chief minister of justice shall be authorized to affix the seals of the state to all the acts of the legislative power, and sign his name to them.

"The national assembly orders that the minister for the home department shall instantly dispatch couriers to all the departments of the kingdom, with an order to all the public officers, national guards, and the troops of the empire, to stop every person who shall attempt to quit the kingdom; as well as to prevent every species of goods, arms, stores, or money, horses, or carriages, from passing: and that should the couriers overtake the king, or any individuals of the royal family, or those who may have assisted in their escape, the said public officers, national guards, and others, shall be bound to take the necessary measures to prevent it; to detain those persons who have attempted it; and to give immediate notice to the legislative body.

"The national assembly declares to all the citizens of Paris, and to all the inhabitants of the empire, that the same firmness and energy, which have enabled them to contend with so many difficulties, shall be observed in their deliberations on the present occasion of the escape of the king and royal family; it recommends to the citizens the necessity of preserving the most strict good order, to preserve the public peace; that the national assembly has taken the most active measures, to find out those persons who have rendered themselves guilty, by assisting in the escape of the king; and that it will uninterruptedly employ itself in providing such means, that public affairs shall not suffer by the event; that it is the duty of all citizens to repose their confidence in them, in whatever regards the salvation of the empire, and that whoever shall excite disturbances, put citizens in fear of their lives, or threaten their property, be deemed guilty:

"Orders, that all citizens shall hold themselves ready to act for the preservation of public tranquillity and the defence of their country:

"Orders, that the administration of every department, and the municipal officers of the kingdom, shall promulgate the present decree, and watch over the public security.

"The ministers of war shall be directed to dispatch M. de Rochambeau immediately with the necessary orders to put the frontiers of the kingdom in a state of defence, and to arrest all those persons who shall be suspected of having assisted in rescuing the king.

"The national assembly decrees, that all the seals of office, as well as others made use of by the different committees of the national assembly, shall be got together, and placed under the direction of four commissioners, appointed by the national assembly, of whom one always shall be in attendance, to expedite its decrees. That notice shall be written, without delay, to all the directors of de-

partments, in the provinces, charging them to be extremely vigilant in not suffering any seditious decree to be spread through the country.

*Thursday morning, June 23.* One of the secretaries read a letter, stating, that three citizens of Paris offered to the assembly a voluntary contribution for the payment of the national guards, who should be employed in the defence of the frontiers.

The assembly having heard different dispatches respecting the capture of the king, issued orders—

1st. That the most inviolable regard should be paid to the safety of the king's person, in conducting him to the capital.

2d. That information should immediately be conveyed to the whole kingdom, that the king was taken.

3d. That m. Bouille, should be deprived of all command, and immediately arrested.

*Friday Night, June 24.* A deputation of the municipality of Paris, presented to the assembly the two citizens who stopped the king.

M. Drouet then gave the following recital :

"I am the post-master of Sainte Menchoud, formerly a dragoon in the regiment of Conde. My comrade, William, was formerly a dragoon of the queen's regiment.

"On the 21st of June, at half past seven o'clock in the evening, two carriages and eleven horses halted at my house. I thought I recognized the queen ; and perceiving a man at the back part of the carriage, on the left, I was struck with the resemblance of his countenance to the king's effigy, on an assignat of fifty livres.

"These carriages were conducted by a detachment of dragoons, which succeeded a detachment of hussars, under pretence of protecting a treasure. This effort confirmed me in my suspicions ; particularly when I saw the commander of the detachment speak with great animation to one of the couriers. However, fearing to excite false alarms, being alone, and having no opportunity of consulting any one, I suffered the carriages to depart.

"But seeing immediately the dragoons making preparations to follow them, and observing that, after having asked horses for Verdun, the carriages took the road to Varennes, I went a cross road, in order to rejoin them.

"I arrived before them at Varennes. It was eleven o'clock at night, very dark, and every one gone to bed. The carriages were stopped in a street, by a dispute which had taken place between the postillions and the post-master of the place. The post-master was desirous, that they should stop and refresh their horses according to custom. The king, on the contrary, was desirous to hasten his departure.

"I then said to my comrade, "are you a staunch patriot?" "Don't doubt it," replied he. "Well," said I, "the king is at Varennes. He must be stopped." We then alighted, and reflected, that in order to secure success to our plan, it was necessary to barricade the street and the bridge, by which the king was to pass.

"My companion and I then went to the bridge of Varennes ; fortunately there was a carriage there loaded with furniture. We overturned it, so as to render the road impassable. We then ran to seek the procureur de la commune, the mayor, the commandant of the national guard, and, in a few minutes, our number increased to eight men, who were all hearty in the cause.

"The commander of the national guard, accompanied by the procureur, approached the carriage, asked the travellers who they were, and where they were going? The queen answered, that they were in a hurry. A sight of the passport was then demanded. She at length gave her passport to two guards of honour, who alighted, and came to the inn,

"When the passport was read, some said it was sufficient. We combated this opinion, because it was not signed by the president of the national assembly, as it should have been. If you are a foreigner, said we to the queen, how came you to have sufficient influence to have a detachment to follow you? How came you, when you passed through Clermont, to have sufficient influence to be followed by a first detachment?"

"In consequence of these reflexions, and our perseverance, it was determined, that the travellers *should not proceed* till the following day. They alighted at the house of the procureur.

"Then the king said to us, "I am *the king*! These are my wife and children! We conjure you to treat us with that respect which the French have ever shown their *kings*."

"The national guards immediately came in crowds, and at the same time the hussars arrived sword in hand—they endeavoured to approach the house where the king was: but we let them know, that if they persisted in taking him away, they should not tear him from us alive.

"The commander of the national guards had the precaution to bring up two small field-pieces, which he planted at the upper end of the street, and two others at the lower end, so that the hussars were between two fires. They were summoned to dismount. M. Joulas refused; he said, that he and his troop would guard the king: he was answered, that the national guards would guard him without his assistance. He persisted in his resolution; upon which the commander of the national guards gave orders to the gunners to form their ranks, and to fire. They took the matches in their hands—but the cannons were not then loaded.

"In a word, the commander of the national guards, and the national guards, acted so judiciously that they contrived to disarm the hussars. The king was then *made a prisoner*!

"Having thus fulfilled our duty, we returned home, amidst the applause of our fellow-citizens; and we are come to lay before the national assembly the homage of our services."

The president congratulated these brave citizens on the eminent service they had rendered to their country.

The meeting was then suspended.

*Saturday, June 25.* The assembly passed the following decrees:

1. The king, on his return to the Chateau des Thuilleries, shall have provisionally, a guard subject to the *direct* order of the commandant general, who shall be responsible for its conduct.

2. There shall be likewise given to the presumptive heir, a guard, under the order of the commandant general, and a governor, who shall be nominated by the national assembly.

3. That all those who accompanied the royal family, shall be arrested and examined; that the king and queen shall be heard in their vindication; and that such measures shall be adopted in consequence as may be judged proper.

4. That a guard shall likewise be appointed previously for the king.

5. That, till it shall be otherwise ordained, the minister of justice shall be authorized, as he has already done since the flight of the king, to affix the seal of the state to the acts of the legislative body.

6. The ministers, and the commissioners of the king, are authorized to exercise, being responsible, the functions of the executive power.

*Monday, June 27.* M. Tronchet gave, in the name of the three commissioners appointed to receive the declarations of the king and queen, the following account of the manner in which they had executed their commission:

"For the purpose of executing your decree of yesterday, M. Dandre, M. Dupont, and I, met; and, about nine in the evening, proceeded to the Thuil-



lerica. We were introduced into the king's apartment, where we found him alone. After having read to him your decree, I judged it necessary to remark, that the declaration of his majesty should refer, according to the intent and meaning of the decree, as well to all the transactions of the 21st of June, as to the occurrences connected with them, whether of an anterior or posterior date. The king answered, that he did not understand submitting to interrogatories: but that he would deliver in a declaration conformably to the requisition which had been made to him by the national assembly. We then took his declaration, to every page of which he had set his signature. We went afterwards to the apartment of the queen, whom we found with madame Elizabeth, preparing to sit down to table; but, the latter informing us that her majesty could not then receive us, because she was going to the bath, we desired her to appoint another hour; and she fixed upon eleven this morning. Of course, we retired: but, returning at the time prescribed, were introduced into the bed-chamber; where the queen was without any one attendant whatever. We then read to her the decree of the national assembly, subjoining to it, the same observation which we had made to the king. She dictated to us her declaration, and, having afterwards heard it read over, put her signature to every page of it."

#### DECLARATION OF THE KING.

"I observe, gentlemen, by your commission, that nothing like an interrogatory is meant; but I am desirous of complying with the wishes of the national assembly; and I shall never decline publishing the motives of my conduct. The motives for my journey were the outrages and the threats offered to my family and to myself on the 18th of last April! subsequent to that period, I and my family have frequently been insulted and menaced in several writings: and the authors of these have remained unpunished. I conceived, that the safety of my family, and of my own person, forbade me to continue any longer in Paris. I wished to leave it; and it was for the purpose of departing with less interruption, that I preferred the night-time. My intentions never were to quit the kingdom. I had not concerted any measures whatsoever, either with foreign powers, or with the French emigrants beyond the kingdom. The circumstance of apartments having been prepared for my reception at Montmedy, may be adduced as a proof, that I had no design to pass beyond the frontiers. I chose this place, because, as it was fortified, my family might have remained there in security; and because, being thus near the frontiers, I should have been more at hand to resist every attempt to invade France. Here, in the case of an invasion, I could immediately have presented myself in the post of danger. In short, I chose Montmedy, even in the moment when I might have chosen any other retreat. One of my principal motives was to re-establish the vigour of the government, and to render myself secure. Had I felt an inclination to depart from the kingdom, I should not, upon the very same day, have sent my declaration to the national assembly, but should have waited for the moment of my having passed beyond the frontiers. I always adhered to the desire of returning to Paris. It is in this sense, that the last expressions of my memorial should be understood:—*Frenchmen, and, above all, citizens of Paris, what pleasure shall I feel to be among you!* I had not, in the carriage, more than the sum of 13,200 livres in gold, and 560,000 livres in assignats: and these were included within the portfolio which has been returned to me by the department.

"I did not communicate my intentions to monsieur until within a short time previous to my departure: and he only proceeded into a foreign state, with the intention of returning to Montmedy, but without taking the same road. Several days before, I had ordered the three persons who attended me, to provide themselves the dresses of couriers, in which they might bear my dispatches. It was not until the preceding evening, that I told them they were to accompany

were to accompany me. I only took a passport for going out of the kingdom, because none was granted at the office for foreign affairs, for the interior part of the kingdom: neither was the road marked out even at all pursued. I never made any other protestations, than those which I addressed to the assembly on the day of my departure; and these do not bear so much upon the groundwork of the principles of the constitution, as upon the form of sanctions, upon the deficiency of that freedom which I ought to enjoy, and upon the point, that as the constitutional decrees were not presented to me in one mass, I could not possibly judge of them in a collected view and all together. The principal part of this memorial rests upon the defect of the administrative and executive measures. I was sensible, during my journey, that the public opinion was decidedly in favour of the constitution. I did not conceive, that I could have fully ascertained the nature of this public opinion at Paris: but upon the road, and in consequence of all the elucidations, which, as the result of my enquiries, flashed upon my mind, I became convinced, as I now am, how indispensably necessary it is even for the constitution to give power to those officers of the state who are appointed for the maintenance of public order. As soon as I could ascertain the nature of the public opinion, I did not hesitate to sacrifice personal interests to the welfare of my people, this being the great object of all my wishes and desires.

"I shall willingly forget all the unpleasant circumstances that I have experienced, to secure the peace and the happiness of the nation."

[The king, after reading this declaration, observed, "that he had omitted to add, that his son's governess, and the ladies in his suite, were apprized of his departure but a short time only before it took place: and the king signed it with us."]

(Signed)

LOUIS.

*Tronchet, Dupont, Dandre."*

#### DECLARATION OF THE QUEEN.

"I declare, that the king being desirous of quitting Paris with his children, nothing in nature could have dissuaded me from following him; for, that I will never consent to quit him, my whole conduct for these two years past, has given sufficient proofs. I was confirmed in my determination to follow him, from the confidence and persuasion which I had, that he would never quit the kingdom. Had he been so inclined, all my influence would have been exerted to prevent him. The governess of my daughter, who had been indisposed for five weeks, did not receive orders for departure, till the evening preceding. She had not even taken any clothes with her. I was obliged to lend her some. She was absolutely ignorant of our destination. The three couriers neither knew the destination nor the object of the journey: they were supplied, from time to time, with money upon the road, and received our orders as we proceeded. The two *femmes de chambre* did not receive orders till the moment of our departure. One of them whose husband was in the palace, had not an opportunity of seeing him. Monsieur and madame separated from us, and took the road to Mons, only to avoid embarrassment, and to prevent delay from the want of horses upon the road. They were to rejoin us in France. We went out of the palace by passing through the apartment of M. Villequier; and that we might not be perceived, we went separately, and at some distance of time from each other.

(After reading over this declaration to the queen, she acknowledged it to be such a declaration as she intended to make, and signed it with us.)

(Signed,)

MARIE ANTONIETTE.

*Tronchet, Dupont, Dandre."*

London, June 1. It is now too evident, any longer to doubt, that the efforts of Austria are all directed to lay aside the declarations of Reichenbach in the present negotiations. Those former declarations were merely calculated to con-

ceal her close alliance with Russia; which alliance has been kept in full energy, by the activity and good faith of the two parties. All her ports in the Adriatic sea are open to Russia: there they fit out their fleets; they there seek refuge when pressed; and there they repair their vessels.

July 7. All was quiet at Paris, when the last express came away: and the confusion, excited in other parts of France, had subsided. Marquis de la Fayette had recovered the public confidence and esteem by his open and frank conduct.

Whatever may be the immediate cause of Mr. Hammond's return from Madrid, we know not; but this is certain, that he has communicated to administration that a revolution is at this moment agitating in the bosom of Spain; and although every precaution is taking, it is much to be apprehended that kingdom will be deluged with blood.

### AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE.

Philadelphia, Aug. 25. On Tuesday, the 23d inst. the time to which the legislature of this commonwealth was adjourned, a quorum of both houses assembled in the state house of this city.

Wednesday, both houses convened in the senate chamber, to receive the governor's communications,—when he addressed them in a lengthy speech, containing a statement of the important objects which had been attended to during the recess, and those which now demanded their deliberation.

The speech, among a variety of other interesting particulars, mentions the following.—That contracts are concluded for improving the navigation of the rivers Delaware, Schuylkill, Lehigh, and Lechawaxen; for opening and improving the roads from Wilkibarre to the Windgap, from Keplinger's mill to the Susquehanna, from Catawessy to Hamburg, from middle creek to Grubb's furnace, from Daniel Titus's to Poplar-run; and for opening and improving the roads through the Long Narrows, through Jack's and Ignow's Narrows, and through the Canoe Narrows. That a loan of 60,000l. has been negotiated with the bank of North America, for the use of the commonwealth.—That the arrangement, in respect to discharging the grant to the proprietaries, messrs. Penn, has been carried into effect, as far as relates to exchanging the warrants of the supreme executive council for new warrants payable in 6 per cent. stock; this arrangement has received the entire approbation of the agent of messrs. Penn—a very few days will probably close the transaction with credit to the state, and advantage to the parties.

That the balance of the claims of Pennsylvania against the united states will be about 14,735,250 dollars. That the active property belonging to the state amounts to 1,377,494l. The debts it owes amount to 599,914l. 18s. 5d.

We hear that governor Blount, under the auspices, and by the direction of the president of the united states, on the second of July concluded a treaty with the Cherokee nation of Indians.

Another expedition from Kentucky to the Indian country is now in operation—it consists of 500 men under the command of col. Harrison, who have marched from that state.

### M A R R I E D.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.—At Portsmouth. Mr. Amos Tappan, to miss Isabel Buckminster.

MASSACHUSETTS. At Boston. Mr. Benjamin Brackett to miss Hannah Davis. Mr. John Jackson to mrs. Avery. Cap. Stephen Smith to miss Mary Dyer. Mr. Elisha Ellis to miss Polly Underwood. Mr. William Chandler to miss Nancy Chandler. Mr. Ebenezer Jenkinson to miss Sally Webb. Mr. J. W.

Barrett to miss Deborah Webb. At Salem. Mr. George Dean to miss Sally Paippen. Mr. Richard Tuffis to miss Mira Proctor. At Brookhaven. Capt. T. S. Strong to miss Hannah Brewster. At Ridgbury. Mr. Agur Fairchild, aged 73, to mrs. Elizabeth Rockwell, aged 74.

CONNECTICUT.—At Hartford. Mr. Simon Clark to miss Ruth Skinner.

NEW-YORK.—In the capital. Mr. Simonds to miss Wilkes. Mr. James M'Cready to miss Mary Wool.

PENNSYLVANIA.—In Philadelphia. Mr. Ezekiel King to miss Mary Gardiner. At York. Mr. John Hahn to miss Elizabeth Reidisell. Mr. John Miller to miss Susanna Brenneman.

DELAWARE.—At Wilmington. Mr. William Ogle to miss Mary Jones.

MARYLAND.—At Baltimore. Mr. Richard M'Sherry to miss Anastasia Lilly. At Eatton. James Holliday, esq. to miss Susan Tighman.

VIRGINIA.—At Alexandria. Mr. James Patton to miss Mary Ann Slater.

GEORGIA.—At Savannah. Mr. John Butler to mrs. Eliza Roberts. Mr. Clement Anderson to miss Betsey Moore.

# D I E D.

MASSACHUSETTS.—At Boston. Mrs. Elizabeth Cobb, aged 24. Miss Frances Church, aged 15. Mrs. Elizabeth Green, aged 40. Mr. James Buckler, aged 36. Mr. Nathan Hancock, aged 78. Mrs. Priscilla Snelling, aged 79. Miss Charlotte Crosby. At Stoughton. Mr. Stroughbridge. At Charlestown. Miss Hepzibah Larkin. Mr. Simonds. At Roxbury. Mr. Robert Williams. Capt. Ebenezer Gore. Mr. David Waite. At Concord. Capt. John Stone. At Milton. Mrs. Sally Bransdon. At Salem. Mrs. Phelps. At Braintree. Mr. Thos. Hayward, aged 38.

CONNECTICUT.—At Newhaven. Mrs. Abigail Green, aged 87. William Greenough, aged 90. At Coventry. Mr. John Loomis. At Somers. Capt. Elisha Kibbs, aged 93. At Danbury. Mr. Eli Bougaton, aged 36. Capt. Thos. Stevens, aged 71. At New-London. Mrs. Elizabeth de Bragelonge, aged 56.

RHODE ISLAND. In Providence. Dr. James Manning, aged 54.

NEW-YORK.—In the capital. Mrs. Alice Armstrong, aged 94. Mr. Edward Dayton. At Poughkeepsie. Mr. William Lawson, aged 100. At Esopus. Mr. Johannes Wynkoop, aged 89.

NEW-JERSEY.—At Springfield. Mr. Thos. Man. At New-Brunswick. Dr. Moses Bloomfield, aged 63. Near Trenton. Mrs. Mary Dickinson.

PENNSYLVANIA.—In Philadelphia. Plunket Fleecon, esq. aged 79. Mrs. Anne Smock. Miss Elizabeth Bullock. Mrs. Fuller. Miss. Abigail Willing. Mrs. Grace Allison, aged 55. Mr. Amos Foulke. Mrs. Rogers. Col. Michael Ryan. Miss Clifton. Mrs. Jane Humphreys. Mr. Thomas Ross. Mrs. Chandlers, aged 93. Near Philadelphia. Mr. James F. Sebor, aged 23. Mr. Henry Taylor. At Foggs Manor. William Hazlet, esq. aged 58. At Harrisburg. Mr. John Harris, aged 65. At York. Rev. John Roth.

DELAWARE.—At Dover. The Rev. John Miller.

MARYLAND.—Near Easton. Mrs. Henrietta Maria Chamberlaine. Mr. James Barnwell.

VIRGINIA. In Goochland county. Major Powers, aged 64. At Richmond. Mr. J. P. Ghovaere. At Martinsburg. Gen. Adam Stephen.

NORTH CAROLINA. At Newbern. Mr. Thomas Buncombe.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—At Charleston. George Abbot Hall, esq. Mr. Maberry Jolly.

GEORGIA.—On Savannah River. Mr. Joseph Cuthbert. At Savannah. Mr. Belcher Noyes.

At BENFIELD, in ENGLAND.—Mrs. Catharine Maucauley Graham, In London. Hon. W. Bull, formerly governor of South-Carolina.

In the EAST-INDIES.—Aslum Shaw, the great mogul, aged 90.